CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1840. NO. 1010.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 6.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

POETRY SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

No. III.

Tune: Patmos, or Gregorian Chant.

Paraphrase of the Third Commandment.

1 Who shall not fear thy glorious name,
Sovereign of earth and sky?
Infinite power thy works proclaim;
Who shall that power defy?

2 Angels, who sang the birth of time,
Prostrate before thy throne,
Render to thee their praise sublime;
Homage to thee alone.

3 Lord, when we hear thy sovereign law,
Deep may our reverence be;
Yes, may our love be filled with awe,
While we commune with thee.

4 O, may no word nor thought profane
Mingle with aught we say;
Ne'er may we take thy name in vain;
Never thy cause betray. S. W.

NO. IV.

Tune: South Boston.

Paraphrase of the Fourth Commandment.

1 With joy we hail the day of rest;
Lord, 'tis a day divinely blessed,
When toil and earth-born care should cease,
And mirth and strife be hushed to peace.

2 Let man and beast, at thy command,
Freely enjoy the respite bland;
And hearts, enslaved by love of gain,
This day unbind the ignoble chain.

3 Delightful hours, when all repose!
When the oppressed forget their woes!
The face of nature, more serene,
Sheds light and love o'er all the scene.

4 The soul, exempt from earthly care,
Rises to heaven in praise and prayer;
Exerts unwearied every power,
And gains new strength from hour to hour.

5 Creator, God, thy power we sing;
Homage to thee thy creatures bring;
And yet a loftier hymn we raise,
When thy redeeming love we praise.

6 A brighter day'ere long shall rise,
Filling the soul with glad glad surprise,
When Christ, our final Judge, shall come,
To bring the heirs of glory home.

For the Register and Observer.

MORAL EDUCATION.

What are the reasons for making morals one or the departments of an elementary education? Moral truth has an intrinsic excellence that makes its study *always* important. As soon as it is presented to the mind even of the most uninformed, that mind perceives that it is true, that it is good, that it has a natural adaptation to human wants. It is pure. All the corruptions that have crept upon characters professing a high morality have not tarnished the essential principle itself. Wherever virtue exists, in so far as it exists, it expels all that is not unsullied and spotless. It is free. The humblest and most exalted may claim it as their own. It belongs to the sincere heart, whether that heart beat within a royal robe, a soldier's breastplate, or the ruder garment that clothes honest poverty. It is beneficent. To all, it offers gentle consolation and healing sympathies. It is powerful; breathing into every man a stirring impulse, a noble, self-sacrificing resolution. It comes when all things else fail and forsake us, to sustain faltering hope, and strengthen hesitating confidence. There is another object at which moral teaching aims. It is to seat deeply in the soul of every child and man, a conviction of its own immortality. Nothing so impresses us with a sense of the capacities and powers that sleep within us, and so quickens us to awaken and call out those powers, as the thought that we must live on forever. There is not a mind that thinks, but thinks of an hereafter. It refuses to be satisfied with a limited duration. How does man, every where and at all times testify to the truth of immortality! We hear it from the light breath upon the infant's lips, and from the slow whisper of hoary age; from the muttered curse that imprecates eternal vengeance, and from the holy prayer that supplicates the mercy of that long futurity; from the agony of the doomed man who strives with his destiny, and from the rapture with which martyred virtue goes to its reward. And shall not the spirit that is undying be taught the truths that may make its hereafter glorious? When the mind itself, ever progressive, acknowledging improvement as its law, is borne onward towards a more perfect state, shall not the contemplations be carried with it, and even go before, to prepare it a sure reception? When all nature, by its successive stages of decay and renovation, of death only to usher in a higher life, of the germinating seed expanding into bud, flower and fruit, of the winter-stript branch re-assuming, in Spring, its green and living chaplet—when all this teaches of immortality, shall we be yet untaught?

It may be said that *all* instruction is moral, and therefore, that no separate place need be assigned to morals in a system of education. All instruction is moral so far as it rectifies the understanding, chastens the imagination, cultivates pure and refined tastes, and acquaints the mind with the government of the outward and intellectual world, and with all the manifestations of wisdom, benevolence and Divine authorship, that the universe displays. Ignorance is always a fit soil for vice. Knowledge opens the heart as well as the understanding. Truth is pure in itself, and beautiful in its developements. Whoever loves truth for its own sake, and scorns to be ignorant, has but to extend the circle of his affections, and he becomes a lover of all that is moral. For of all truth there is but one and that a celestial origin. So far then and in this sense may the acquisition of all useful knowledge be called moral in its influence. But that this is therefore the only form in which moral instruction should come,—that it is unnecessary to give to it a distinct and prominent position, is a conclusion as illogical as it is dangerous. For if it be thus connected, bound up with every intellectual pursuit, its peculiar value is incalculably enhanced. The facilities for its cultivation should yield to none other.

Besides, while men, who have thus made all other knowledge, every other attainment in literature and science subservient to this, have blessed the world, been hailed as the benefactors of their race, and given their name to be the perpetual heritage of nations, others have still cast this aside, dedicated all the brilliancy and might of genius to the world's worship, and wandered on, their cold malison resting on an innocent humanity.

No system of thorough education is complete, devoid of such a branch. Is it said, we have Sabbath-schools and Sabbath-preaching; let those be the fields of moral cultivation? Sabbath schools, it is true, we have, and a sacred ministry. Heaven be thanked for the hallowed institutions! But seven days is a long time for the young mind, unassisted, to retain instructions that only pass the lips, and are never taken up and repeated and enforced, till holy time returns. Impressions on the delicate texture (may we say) of the infant soul come and pass away like the cloud's shadows on a summer landscape. But seated there and fixed by continued, unwearied, reiterated effort, their traces will remain when even mountains shall have melted in 'the last great fire.' Let religious truth, then, descend upon it perpetually and gently as the dews of evening; as bountiful and as quickening as sunlight in spring time. H.

For the Register and Observer.

GENTEEL CHRISTIANITY.

In moving round the country as called by my affairs, it has been my desire when practicable to attend worship at churches of my own denomination, and at times when doing this, as I have sat listening to the services as conducted by a 'Genteel Clergyman' admiring his well turned periods, his eloquent description of this or that virtue, of some merciful attribute of the Deity, or of the wonder and majesty of some portion of God's creation, and the dignity of Human Nature, and viewing at the same time the air of comfort and self-satisfaction impressed upon all the listeners, it has occurred to my mind that the declaration of our Savior made of old that, 'what is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God' may be as true now and among our denomination as it was when originally uttered, and I am consequently tempted to offer a few lines on the subject, if you, Mr Editor, will permit, and will begin with Genteel Clergymen.

Who are these Genteel Clergymen, and what motive has induced them to become heralds of that Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation? That Gospel which, when preached with fidelity, has been the means of reforming men's lives, elevating them above the world, its pleasures, its iniquities and its follies, have these men felt its power? Have they imbibed its spirit? Are they willing to spend and be spent in proclaiming its promises and making its denunciations to the high and the low, the wealthy and genteel sinner and the degraded outcast, who, low and degraded as he is, is still a man with a soul to save? I fear not, I have thought their profession was merely a trade, chosen, not in the fear of God and with a feeling sense of its solemn responsibilities, but because it would be the means of support without taking them from the best society, so called, and also without depriving them of many of the enjoyments and pleasures of fashionable life. It may be, I am in error, but let us look a moment and see what judgment would reasonably be formed from appearances. Take one of them at the commencement; he is a young man of genteel family just graduated from Harvard, perhaps, and looking round finds all the professions full—dislikes those of the Law and Physic and regards the merchant as low unless possessed of princely wealth. Looks at the ministry more favorably, hears that Christianity is rapidly gaining ground in the community, that there are always many destitute parishes which can support a clergyman handsomely—and also, that at the far west a boundless field is open—his friends advise him and he decides for the ministry as a means of support—commences his studies and probably in the good providence of God, his heart becomes touched and interested. Having concluded them, he moves round and is thrown into contract with many who have for years been laboring in the cause of the Lord Jesus. What does he see? Here is one considerably in years, a plain and sincere man, who has ever lived in the fear of God, who has not hesitated to declare that to be saved, men must repent and reform, must devote themselves and their property to the service of the Most High God. He has not only been faithful in the pulpit and in public, but in his daily intercourse with his people he has reproved vice and declared its consequences; what has been the results of this course? He finds this aged servant looked upon as too orthodox, too strict and particular, and learns that he is settled over a small congregation in some country town and barely obtaining a living. This will not do, although his conscience may tell him the course is correct, and he looks at another; here he finds a gentleman settled over a large and fashionable society, well paid and popular—let us suppose our young friend inquires into the course pursued by this popular preacher and learns that he has consulted the wishes and feelings of his people, has feared being thought orthodox or given to orthodox ways and measures, and consequently, has run into the opposite extreme—he has made fine orations upon the dignity of human nature—the wonders and majesty of the natural creation, &c. &c.,—beautiful sermons upon the natural amiability of man and his unbounded capacities and capabilities, upon the necessity of doing what is honest, upright and respectable, but leaving it to his hearers to judge for themselves in all cases, flattering them that individuals so highly cultivated and enlightened cannot do otherways than right, and trusting probably, that although no fear of God would ever restrain them, a sense of the beauty of *Morality*, and a regard for the opinion of the world, would have sufficient influence to prevent the commission of any glaring sin,—if by chance they have been led astray, it is not of much consequence, they will undoubtedly do better in future, men are liable to err, but the Almighty is a being of mercy and love. Shall we look at him at the table of his Master? I have seen him there, but we will leave that for another time, and look at him out of the pulpit, in private, he has made himself one of *his* people, (they cannot be called God's people) if called upon to administer consolation in a family from which one of its members has been taken who has lived entirely without God in the world, who has perhaps been guilty of all common vices, a votary of fashion and wholly devoted to the world, and died probably without a thought of God or another world, even as a 'fool dieth,' what is his course? Does he admit the possibility of such an one's being lost, and impress upon the minds of the survivors the fearful solemnity of life, and the certainty of a righteous retribution beyond the grave? Oh no, he cannot shock their feelings so much, he thinks they have reason to rejoice, the lost one must have gone to partake of the joys in reserve for those who by patient continuance in well doing, have sought for glory, honor and immortality, he must not be mourned for, as an ordinary person, the genteel have no knowledge of a hell. In his visits to his friends, shall we suppose he improves the time to admonish them of the vanity of the world and the uncertainty of all things below, charging them to 'flee these things and follow after righteousnes.' Oh, no,—he can talk of the weather, the fashions, new publications, matters and things in general, a little scandal, compliment the old folks, praise the sons, flatter the daughters, delicately abuse the *pious* who think differently from *us*, wonder at their sober looks, their prayer meetings, family worship, &c., &c., allow perhaps these things are well enough, rather methodistical, but of no particular use or necessity—thinks his people do well enough, they are *moral*, they always endeavor to do about right, they attend church, frequently all day, and although exposed to all the follies, fascinations and allurements of the 'best society' they need give themselves no uneasiness as to the future, need not look into their Bibles unless they choose, and as to prayer at home or in private, silent meditation is sufficient, he would be pleased to have them join *his church*, which they may do at any time when their own inclinations prompt it, or the persuasions of friends who are not ashamed of making a profession without company and want some support, can induce them to do it. Now what will our young friend do? Is it not highly probable he will endeavor to become a 'Genteel Clergyman?' And if he does and pursues the same course, is it not also highly probable that a good part of his church and congregation as well as himself, may finally obtain a taste of that 'fire prepared for the devil and his angels' spoken of by *him* who knew what was beyond the grave?

If you see fit to publish this, and I feel inclined to say more hereafter, we will perhaps look in upon some 'Genteel Christians,' and as I have frequently denied my Master, will subscribe myself PETER.

Portland.

For the Register and Observer.

INTOLERANCE.

Mr Editor,—The Register of January 25th contains an extract from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. The extract is given to show 'the superfluous abuse of Unitarians,' and it accomplishes its purpose. I would inquire whether the purpose is worth accomplishing, whether it is desirable to collect and preserve such extracts as the one given, and especially whether it is desirable in a paper like the Register? The object of the Register, I presume, is not to promote sectarianism, but vital, glowing and efficient piety, to aid in the great work of diffusing the spirit of Christianity. Its motto is, 'liberty, holiness, love.' And it endeavors to accomplish the purpose indicated in the motto, by exhibiting the truths of Christianity, not only as shown in doctrines of belief, but as exemplified in conduct. The Register delights to collect from every part of Christendom, instances of the power of the gospel. It seeks week by week to send forth a ray of light that will not only enlighten but warm, gladden, cheer and elevate many hearts. Is this purpose aided by repeating the above-mentioned extract? We can answer the question by considering what is the effect of articles like that upon the mind. One person feels grieved, another is soured and vexed, but is there one whose mind is enlightened, or heart improved by them?

The effect upon the individual character of dwelling upon illiberal assertions and other instances of persecution, is bad. Almost invariably he who *talks* much of being persecuted feels unkindly towards his persecutors, or prides himself upon his superiority to them. While he who is really persecuted, says but little of his injurers, but seeks for comfort and relief from Him who never wrongs. We talk of *persecution*, is it worth while so to entitle every unkind remark? I have sometimes thought that it might be well for us to be occasionally persecuted, to be driven on account of our belief to the mountains and caves. Then we could test our principles. But now living on in quiet enjoyment of our thousand blessings, we know not what persecution is, and at times almost forget the value of our faith.

In the next place, the circumstances of the present age seem to forbid our speaking much of illiberality and unkindness. Unitarians and others are uniting most cordially in the philanthropic movements of the day. And the question will frequently come up in the minds of all, why need we who unite so heartily in philanthropic enterprises, harshly differ in religious matters? Shall we Unitarians in any way mar this happy feeling, and check that sympathy, which is spreading so rapidly and so far?

In the third place, let us think that many of the readers of the Register are persons, whose doctrinal views are not entirely settled. They read for the sake of quickening their piety as well as informing their minds. To them any thing at variance with the most enlarged charity, is painful.

The nature of truth is such that wherever diffused, it scatters error before it, as the sun scatters the mists which would obscure its brightness. And where it cannot scatter the clouds at once, if exhibited in Christian charity and love, it will shine upon them, so mildly and gently as to bring the rainbow tints over them. And at length as we look, we shall see the beautiful colors fade, but we shall see that the clouds have disappeared also. Let us not then dwell upon the faults of our brethren, their faults, as we think them, either of belief or of conduct. When called upon and wherever called upon, we will exhibit our views openly, freely, candidly and kindly. Let us remember that all things in nature and in providence are working together for the removal of error. Every ray of the beneficent sun, every gentle shower, every herb of beauty and fragrance are combining to remove all harsh and false views of God, truth and duty. To all these influences, if we add that of a life filled with the spirit of Jesus, we shall find error fast fleeing before us. And if we cannot all think alike, we may all feel alike, and we are hastening to that world of light, where all error, held by ourselves and others, will be dissipated, and where in perfect union we shall not only feel alike but think alike. H. H. J.

For the Register and Observer.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Mr Editor,—I think there is a great deficiency of suitable books for our Sabbath Schools. Large numbers of the books in our Sabbath School librabries, so far as I am acquainted, are nothing more nor less than novels. They are works of fiction. They are stories about Lucy, or Mary, or William, or John, the good boy or the bad boy, the good girl or the bad girl. The writers no doubt intended that the moral tendency of these books should be good. And some of them, I admit, are valuable. Good instruction may be communicated in this way. But there is too large a proportion of books of this description. We want more Sabbath School books of a didactic character; more on the importance of religion and the worth of the soul.

If children read works of fiction to the neglect of more substantial reading, their tastes will become vitiated. They will constantly crave such books. And they will not value as they ought, books containing moral and religious precepts designed for their own spiritual improvement.

One argument in favor of supplying children with works of fiction is, that this kind of reading is more pleasing to them. But there is no more reason why they should, on this account, be chiefly furnished with such reading to the disadvantage of their minds, than that they should be pampered with rich food to the injury of their health, because their appetites crave such food. I would not exclude this class of books altogether, but I would have more books giving good advice to children, teaching them their duty to God, to their parents, and to one another. In fine, I would have more religion and less fiction in our Sabbath School books.

Before I close this communication I would mention that I generally visit the city, the last week in May, in order to attend the Anniversaries; and I take that opportunity to purchase books for replenishing the Sabbath School Library in the Society with which I am connected. But I have generally found it very difficult to obtain a sufficient supply of such books as I could wish. And for the want of suitable books written by members of our denomination, I have purchased Sabbath School books published by the American Sunday School Union. And for several years past, I have found that these books were sold cheaper than those particularly designed for our denomination.

I wish there might be some more good Sabbath School books written; more containing biography, sacred history, and religion; and more on the duties of children. And by taking sufficient pains, I think we may interest children in books of this character, and do them much more good than by constantly exciting and inflaming their tender minds with fictitious stories. G. L.

North Marshfield, Jan. 25th.

Selected for the Register.

The world is to be converted, and converted principally by preaching, and by preaching adapted to accomplish the mighty result; but the ears of men will never hear such preaching, until the primitive love of Christ and of souls, the primitive self-denial, the primitive simplicity, boldness, gentleness and zeal, return to the ministry. How slow is the course of the gospel, for want of preachers so replenished with grace, by the unction of the Holy Spirit. We have seen that in the midst of the unparalleled doings of these latter times, the cause of salvation may remain almost at a stand; nay, at the very centre and spring of action, there sometimes seems to be a backward movement. At best we struggle on, amidst mingled triumphs and defeats, hopes and fears. Not so advances the cause of evil, the work of destruction, among the souls of unevangelized and unconverted men. Is there never to be a change? Is there no help, no way to accelerate the work of recovering mercy? There is a way. Let Zion awake and stir herself up to take hold of the Almighty hand of God. Let her sons and daughters array themselves in those shining garments of salvation which made the first Christians the wonder and light of the world; and day and night let them assemble themselves together, and also let them kneel down apart and in secret, and give the Hearer of prayer no rest, until He send forth a ministry numerous as is wanted, and with qualifications such as were granted at the first. Here is the 'door,' the only door 'of hope.' Let the heart and the hands, and the imploring cries of the church be incessantly lifted up to heaven. Let our benevolent associations proceed on in their respective spheres of effort: but let it be ever and vividly kept in mind, that all they can do is *to prepare channels for the streams of salvation to flow in*—channels to be filled by those outpourings of the spirit, which God bestows in connexion with the labors of the living ministry; and ordinarily, in proportion as that ministry shares the appropriate spirit of their sacred calling. The associations of benevolence, instead of diminishing, have vastly increased the necessity for a ministry of the highest excellence. They have but prepared the way for the influence of such a ministry to be exerted to the greatest possible advantage. They have exceedingly multiplied arguments, proper to be used in prayer for such a ministry. Truly if ever there was a period when the whole Christian world, should be down upon their faces before the throne of mercy, imploring with all the importunity, and boldness, and perseverance of faith, a race of ministers, each full of the Holy Ghost, as was Barnabas or Paul, that period is the one which is now passing over us.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I send you another short extract from my New Year's Sermon, on account of the allusion that is made in it to the two young persons mentioned in your Obituary, the intelligence of whose decease had just reached us.

Of the eight adult persons gathered to their fathers during the last year, in the town, three had reached the age of 70; three were matrons between the ages of 50 and 60; one was a husband and father cut down in the prime of life; and one was a young wife and mother leaving an afflicted husband with five infants under six years of age, to mourn her early death.

Besides the 30 already mentioned, there was one who deceased in a neighboring town, whose face was familiar to us: who was very dear to us, who have known and loved her from her childhood; an exemplary member of this church and an occasional communicant, so long as health permitted.—After a long period of confinement and suffering in which she manifested the strength of the faith she professed, she at length obtained a welcome release, and her mortal remains were brought hither to be deposited in the family tomb.

Another was a youth just on the verge of manhood, cut down like some young and vigorous plant, in nature's gayest, brightest season, whose athletic frame seemed to promise a vigorous manhood, and a long life. But, smitten with disease, he languished, drooped and died; and, from the place of his residence, he was conveyed to this, his native town, to sleep with kindred dust in the house of the dead.

Other members of this congregation, have been called during the last year, to mourn for the loss of friends who died abroad, some far from the home of their childhood, and away from the companions of their youth. An aged father, brothers and sisters, lament for the young, the beautiful, the affectionate daughter and sister, who so lately left us with the husband of her choice, with joyful anticipations, in gayety of heart, to seek a new home in a far-distant region. They reached the place of their destination; and in a delicious climate, on the borders of a beautiful bay, surrounded by many comforts, and luxuries, they dwelt in peace and were contented and happy.—But alas! we know not what shall be on the morrow. The frightful pestilence that desolated so many of the cities of the South and the West, found its way to their peaceful retreat.

Scarcely had they welcomed the little stranger that God had given into their hands, when disease entered their dwelling; and, in quick succession—after an interval of only three days—both fell victims, lamented *there* as *here*, by devoted friends. Yes; they were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were not divided.' Oh! who, that saw them when in perfect health, with buoyant spirits, in gladness of heart, they set off on their distant journey, anticipated such a result! Dark and inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Short and uncertain is human life. Yea, 'man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down!' Surely 'every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.'

Shall we, my brethren, suffer these events to pass without being profited by the lessons they teach. Shall not the alarming providences of God beget in us a deeper sense of our frailty, and dependence, weaken our confidence in an arm of flesh, and lead us to seek a shelter from coming evils beneath the overspreading wings of Almighty Love?

'We know not what shall be on the morrow.' The year which has just dawned upon us, may be marked by as many sorrowful events as the last. Some, who have hitherto been untouched by calamity, may be called this year to drink the bitter cup to the dregs. At such an hour as they think not, the evil which they dread may come upon them. Let this consideration, so familiar, and yet so little regarded, sink deep into your hearts, and may God give you grace so to number your days, that you may apply your *hearts* unto wisdom.

[From the Monthly Miscellany.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF OPIUM IN CANTON.

The efforts which have been made in this country to abolish intemperance should be compared with the efforts now making in China to abolish the use of opium. There can be no doubt, we suppose, that the use of this drug is more deleterious than that of ardent spirits; and the onset upon it by the Chinese is far more vigorous than any which has been made upon rum and brandy in Christendom. We Christians are very dilatory, and move step by step; esteeming the rights of property and opinion as worth much, that the demoralisation of the people is of small consequence in the comparison. The poor Pagans of China, on the contrary, regard the depravation and ruin of the people as the chief of evils, and therefore promptly and resolutely, without scruple or apology, aim at their removal, regardless of sacrifices. They make prohibitory laws, and execute capital punishment on those who violate them, and forbid an entrance to their harbors of the foreigners who aid the people to break them. Undoubtedly, such despotic proceedings are impossible in this country; and in that respect, and in many other circumstances, Christian republican America has an advantage over the semibarbarous Celestial Empire. But still, it is a spectacle truly sublime, when the sovereign of a great nation, with solicitude truly paternal for the well-being of the people, uses his power for the destruction of its chief social evil. I see nothing in all the purposes which engross the attention of our wrangling houses of Congress, to compare in grandeur with this most beneficent act of the Chinese power. The terrible evils which afflict the people and threaten the direst calamities, make no part of the care of our National Legislature.

I certainly could not desire for my country that its government should possess despotic power; but it is unspeakably lamentable, that we cannot have a public opinion so inimical to all wickedness, as to bring about the same result through the voluntary action of the people. Nothing can be so disgraceful as the toleration by public opinion of disgraceful customs.

The statistics of intemperance in this country are sufficiently well known. The statistics of the opium trade in China are less familiar.

Opium was formerly regarded in that country as a medicine, and was admitted on payment of a small duty. But in 1796 it had got to be used a good deal as an injurious luxury, and was therefore prohibited. The annual import was less than 1,100 chests. In 1830 it was nearly 20,000 chests; in 1837 31,000; the chests averaging about 130 lbs. weight, and the total value being not far from 20 million of dollars.

The effects of this spreading use of the drug on the people have been dreadful. The loss of life from smoking it, is said to be 100,000 a year, and the wretchedness and suffering occasioned to multitudes besides are inconceivable and indescribable. 20,000 chests of opium are enough, says Mr Medhurst, at 2 grains a day for each individual, to demoralize three millions of individuals. And in spite of prohibitory laws, that demoralization has been extending, till it has spread throughout almost the whole empire.

How has this happened? By what means, in spite of a despotic prohibitory law, has the evil been extended? '*The opium is grown in various provinces of India, under a system of compulsory labor, for the exclusive benefit of the Honorable East Indian Company; and the trade in it is monopolized by British merchants, or if there are exceptions, they are too inconsiderable to be taken into account.*' So says an English writer. A double abomination transacted by the East Indian Company; the oppression of the wretched natives under their own government, by compelling them to work in bondage, and that for the purpose of spreading corruption among the people of China;—into which country it could be introduced only by the systematic violation of laws, that ought to be sacred to all civilized people—in a word, only by fraud, bribery, and smuggling! And this, by a great Christian people, solely for gain! How unprincipled and base is such conduct when seen by the side of the Chinese government; which, on the express ground of principle, refused to derive from the trade any profit to the state, and prohibited an article which might have brought in a magnificent revenue, *because* the trade was evil and injurious. Observe the noble language used on the subject;—'Having a clear conviction that the thing is highly injurious to men; to permit it, notwithstanding, to pervade the empire,—nay, even to lay on it a duty,—is conduct quite incompatible with the yet uninjured dignity of the great Celestial Empire.' The comparison of this language with the practical declarations of our own and other Christian governments leads to very mortifying reflections. The language of Mr Medhurst deserves quotation.

'It has been told, and it shall be rung in the ears of the British public, again and again, that opium is demoralizing China, and becomes the greatest barrier to the introduction of Christianity which can be conceived of. Not only are the wretched victims of the indulgence impervious to remonstrance, and callous to all feeling; not only must we despair of the conversion of the opium smoker, almost as much as if his doom were already sealed; but the difficulty of convincing others of the truth of Christianity, and of the sincere intentions of Christians, is greater in proportion to the extent of the opium trade to China. Almost the first word uttered by a native, when urged to believe in Christ, is, 'Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it in defiance of our laws? That vile drug has poisoned my son—has ruined my brother—and well nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely, those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion that is better than my own. Go, first, and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and give me a prescription to correct this vile habit, and then will I listen to your exhortations on the subject of Christianity.'

We cannot withhold our sysmpathy and our admiration from the resolute stand now taken by the Chinese government. It is in the highest sense of the word noble. Every generous sentiment calls upon the world to applaud, and say, God speed you; and we are confident, that the British power cannot be base enough to visit with bombardment and massacre people so laudably engaged in protecting its own rights.

W*.

For the Register and Observer.

SPINOZA.

In a recent paper, you give some passages from the works of *Spinoza*, which had been previously quoted by a controversial writer, and one who would vindicate *Spinoza* from the charge of *Atheism;* with accompanying explanations, as to his meaning, to show that the charge was unjust. The attempt to show, that by the term *substance*, *Spinoza* did not mean *matter*, but an intelligent, spiritual being, or substance, distinct essentially from the material universe, is not satisfactory, nor successful: because, although that eccentric and obscure writer—*Spinoza*—sometimes speaks of the Deity as a *free* cause, and the creator or producer of all matter, still he considers it as produced out of himself, and to be the same as himself, —having no other idea or conception of God than creation—only differently manifested or modified. And this doctrine, precisely as being the doctrine of *Spinoza, Dugald Stuart*, the most distinguished, accurate and liberal of modern metaphysicians, pronounces to be *Atheism*.

Spinoza does indeed say, as quoted; 'that God alone is a *free* cause.' To this, one might object, that it implies, that God cannot form a *free* being, and that no being is *free* but God. And such invariably in all ages has been the theory of *Atheists*, or of those who denied that there was any God separate and distinct from the material universe. But I will not dwell on this. How does *Spinoza* explain his own phrase, 'God alone is a *free* cause?'—It is thus, 'He *exists* from the *necessity* of his nature, and *acts* from the *necessity* of his nature.' What is this but the *Fate* or blind, unintelligent *Destiny* of Paganism? If this is all the *Freedom* which the Deity possesses, then a belief in him, is not superior to the atheistic doctrine, that there is no God but the material universe; and that he *acts from necessity*, as gravitation or attraction in the physical world operates. With this theory of a Deity, there is no ground for the doctrine of a providence, or of miracles—not even for consolation or hope under afflictions and bereavements; not for faith that all things are directed and governed by a wise and good, as well as great Being, nor that there is an infinite, uncaused Being of *moral* attributes. Stript of all hard words and obscure and mystical phrases, the doctrine of *Spinoza* and those of his School is, that there is a *substance* and probably eternal, self-existent, in which there are inherent qualities, and properties of gravitation, attraction; from which follow continually and immutably certain results, which we call cause or effect; but no *spiritual* and really *free* Being to whom we may justly attribute intelligence, design, wisdom, goodness, and who exercises both a creative, governing and sustaining power, in the material world, and a superintending, moral and retributive power over his intelligent and moral creatures.

With all the lights of philosophy, and with the instructions of revelation even, have we made no more advance in our Theology than to suppose the material Universe identical or synonymous with God, and that there is no Deity but fate? Sad indeed, if it be so.

There are principles or laws, by which the universe of matter is governed or regulated. But these principles or laws were established by a Being of infinite intelligence, wisdom, power and goodness; and whom we acknowledge and adore as God. If it be not so, then are we most deceived and most miserable. Then is our faith vain, and our hope a delusion. If there is not a Spiritual Being to uphold, direct and to control all things, we have not a God, such as the Bible reveals. And when our Savior prayed, and taught his disciples to pray, to the Father, did he address and advise them to address the Material Universe? or the abstract personification of physical principles and laws? or the equally vague abstraction of intelligence and power? To what absurdities are we liable, when we depart from common sense, and the plain and express declarations of inspired scripture.

It affords no satisfaction, nor removes the absurdity of Atheism, to say God is self-existtent, or possesses infinite attributes, and properties; while it is asserted that such also is the universe of matter. Is it, in truth, any thing better than Atheism to teach 'that the universe is God,' instead of considering it the work of God? or 'that matter is eternal and self-existent?' And, when we admit, that the works of creation manifest principles of intelligence, power and design, are these principles the Deity; or are they not rather attributes of the Deity; or principles, according to which he acts *freely?* That he acts *freely*, is essential to the idea of Deity, as an intelligent creator, and a moral governor. If this is denied, then we may as well say, we do indeed say, *in our hearts, that there is no God.*

Why should we attempt to be wise above what is written? Who can find out God to perfection? His works attest his power and intelligence: his providence, his moral attributes: and the human intellect, which is his inspiration, confirms the evidences of our senses. The mode of the divine existence, we do not know, we cannot understand. Let not pride, nor curiosity, nor a desire of novelty, nor a pretence of superior wisdom, lead us rashly to speculate, so as to land us on the dark regions of skepticism, or of materialism. B.

For the Register and Observer.

DEDICATION AT KENSINGTON, N. H.

On Wednesday, 3d inst., the commodious meeting-house, just built and finished by a Union Congregationalist Society, consisting of Unitarians, Universalists and Orthodox, was consecrated to the service of God, and of Christ and of Truth, by the pious forms usual on such occasions. They were, however, peculiar in *one respect*, being of duplicate character.

In the Forenoon—Introductory exercises and Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. G. W. Woodward, of Barnstable. Sermon, by Rev. A. P. Peabody. Address to the people, and Concluding Prayer, by Rev. S. Farley.

In the Afternoon—Introductory exercises, by Rev. H. B. Morse, of Exeter. Sermon and Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. H. Bacon, of Haverhill, Mass. Concluding Prayer, assigned to Rev. Mr Shrigley. The exercises are said to have been 'appropriate and of a high order, and to have been listened to with great interest, by two equally most respectable and overflowing assemblies.' The interesting events of the day passed off exceedingly well. We earnestly pray, that this Union Society will not fall out by the way, and that they will realize, by following up, and carrying out, the principle in which they have commenced, the consummation of their best hopes. Though they differ in some articles of belief, yet may they, forbearing one another in love, go on their way steadfastly, seeking the things which profit the whole body, and thus maintain the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. F.

For the Register and Observer.

THE LOSS OF THE LEXINGTON.

A moaning wail as of a city slain!
Sighs that draw forth the life-blood from the soul!
Lone ones before their silent hearthstones, pale
And anguished and oppressed with tearless woe!
Youth's sunny brow all quickly overcast;
And dimpling smiles enshrouded in the cold
And pallid veil of agony and fear!
Here leans the aged pilgrim on his staff,
In secret prayer; and while the wintry breeze
Plays with his silver locks, his full heart seems
Almost to burst its bounds, and part for aye!
And there, the infant prattler's mirth is staid,
And the unconscious babe doth wonder why
The dewy light its mother's eye has left,
And why her song of lullaby has ceased.
There in the lowly cabin, has the light
Of joy and gladness glimmered and expired;
And there within the halls of wealth and pride,
The bridal wreath is wrested from its throne,
And sable weeds rest darkly in its place!
And yet we see no long funereal train,
With solemn march move slowly o'er the cold
And echoing pavements, to the burial place:
No deep-toned knell comes with its muffled toll,
To break the soul's long slumber, and arouse
The sleeping spirit from its lethargy:
No mournful dirge comes with its soothing power,
To calm the bosom's anguish, and to raise
The drooping thoughts to heaven, by the soft voice
Of sympathy that pours the choral chant:
No gentle prayer from reverend lips speaks peace
Beside the open portals of the tomb,
Consigning to the dust its kindred clay,
And the immortal spirit to its God.
—The fire of many a loved one's eye is quenched,
And many a mourning Rachel sits forlorn,
Refusing to be cheered. The heart-pulse
Of the free and brave of many a home
Has ceased its restless beatings, and the rose
That brightest bloomed, in love's warm, sunny bower,
Has faded in the noonday of its pride.
Soft innocence and manly strength, the brows
That time and care had deeply furrowed o'er,
And youth with hope's sweet flush still radiant there,
All, all the prey of the destroyer's hand!
The waves closed o'er, and they are not! the deep
Unbarr'd its watery doors, and bade them come
And rest awhile, in its majestic courts.
No kind farewell, no look of love, no word
Sent its bland whispers to a kindred heart,
Or poured its melting music on the soul!
No kindly hand arrayed them in their shroud,
Or closed their eyes upon the fading world;
Nor will affection strow upon their graves
Its budding offerings, or plant beside
The turfy mound the cypress' sacred shade,
Or come at evening's hour, to lave the soil
With the fresh flow of feeling and of love.
They sleep, how sweetly, in their ocean home!
Their shroud the silver-crested wave; their tomb,
The matchless cemetery of the sea.
The wind breathes o'er, its plaintive requiem,
And the lone sea-bird, with its thrilling cry,
Joins in the chorus of the burial chant.
But ah, the heart 's left desolate! How true,
'T is those are left behind that suffer death!'
How many a cheering word unsaid, will steal
In memory's hallowed hour across the mind;
How many a thought unbreathed, a wish unsent
By friendship's angel, till the moment passed,
And death's dark stream its barrier interposed.
But yet a few short years, and what avail
The farewell word, the last fond look of love,
Or e'en the resting places of the dead!
What can avail the sad and lingering path,
Through which the feet of many reach the tomb,
If but the soul stand ready for its call!

Father, thy will be done; but grant
That when to us the summons comes, be it
Within our love-lit homes, or on the sea,
Or in the desert drear with thee alone;
Be it where friends their kindly offerings pour,
Or far away in some lone distant isle,
Oh grant the call may come to us with joy,
And bear us home to dwell with thee in heaven.

L. B. T.

For the Register and Observer.

Extracts from a Sermon preached in the New North Church in Boston, by the Pastor, Rev. Francis Parkman, after the tidings of the destruction of the Lexington.

You have already been called, my brethren, with this whole community, to the consideration—God grant that it may have been to the improvement—of that heart-rending catastrophe, the tidings of which have not yet ceased sounding in our ears, by which so many precious lives have been sacrificed, so many fond hearts have been desolated, so many families have been called to the bitterness of bereavement, and our whole city, I might say, the land, has become the scene of mingled consternation and grief. The record of this disaster, like the dark scroll seen in the vision of the Prophet, is inscribed, within and without, with lamentation and mourning and wo. Scarcely could any catastrophe within the circle of human events be imagined of a more afflicting nature; and not to have paused and considered, not to have listened to the monitions of heaven, or mingled our sympathies with the host of the afflicted—even though our own immediate circle of kindred or of friendship had been untouched—would have argued criminal insensibility to the Providence of God, and to the calamities, I say not of our friends, but f our fellow creatures.

A few days have elapsed since the first sad tidings were brought to our ears: and the hopes, which it was natural to cherish, and which the experience of other events seemed to justify, of some mitigation of the calamity, are disappointed. It is the peculiarity of this affliction, that time and investigation, which so often bring relief by exposing the exaggerations of fear or anxiety, have but revealed to its full extent the sad reality of this. And nothing now remains but to acquiesce in the permissions of an inscrutable Providence; to alleviate, as we may, by our sympathies and our prayers, the deep sorrows of the afflicted, and to improve for ourselves a dispensation, in comparison of which many other sorrows, that in the ordinary estimates of human suffering would seem grievous, must be accounted light; and from the contemplation of which, even the firmest spirit shrinks in anguish. 'I had fainted,' says the Psalmist, under a lighter burden, 'except I had hoped to see the goodness of the Lord.'

Into the causes of this calamity, this is not the fit place nor am I eager to count it my province to enter. The grief, that absorbs your spirits, might forbid at this time the investigation; and I am unwilling to occupy a moment of this hour consecrate to holy thought, or a ministry set for the inculcation of everlasting truth and the solace of human grief, with topics like these. Rational faith indeed demands, and it is the suggestion also of the humblest piety, to distinguish between what is *permitted* and what is *appointed* of God. While it bows profoundly to the whole will of God, it leaves us still to perceive and condemn what of evil is inflicted by men.

Whether we ascribe it—which God forbid—to an absolute and irresistible decree, an arbitrary will, predestinating all things, as some vainly dream, according to a sovereign pleasure; or whether more reasonably, we number it with the results of general laws, and of secondary causes, the operation of which, it is not within the purposes of the Divine government to interrupt, even to avert calamities like these, and which leave to his children what must be left for their freedom and responsibleness—the solemn duty remains to draw from this event the instructions which it is alike the wisdom and the kindness of our Heavenly Father to teach. For it is thus, my Brethren, that He can make even the follies and the sins of men to praise him, and all things work for good to them that love him. Thus it is in methods perfectly accordant with his paternal goodness, he vindicates his absolute sovereignty over all creatures and all events, so that faith rejoices and adores, while it hears the voice from the excellent glory, 'I form the light, and I create the darkness: I make peace and I create evil: I the Lord do all these things.'

And in the first place, having humbled ourselves under his mighty hand, and discharged this first duty of piety, no less essential to the peace of the afflicted spirit than to the character of every child of God, let us be humbled also in the remembrance of the ignorance of man. And certainly of the countless form in which human ignorance is fearfully exposed—that must be deemed one of the most affecting—the uncertainty, I mean, to which distance and separation of necessity leave us as to the condition at any given hour of our absent friends. To affectionate solicitude it cannot but occur—(to some even with a disturbed anxiety) that while we are in safety, and peace, they may be in peril, or already with the dead. Sometimes it has appeared, when evil tidings have reached us from afar, that at the self-same hour, our friends were in jeopardy, opprest with sickness, or overwhelmed by fatal accident, we were in the fulness of our joy, partaking it might be, in some of the varied forms of domestic or social festivity.

I do not suggest the thought to repress our generous trust. There is a reliance on Providence, that is wise, the suggestion of a cheerful piety and a well established faith, which will not anticipate sorrow nor be afraid of evil, because the heart is fixed on God. It is reasonable to hope—nay, it were wrong to distrust—that while we are in safety, our absent friends are objects of the same paternal care and partake of the same blessings.

But, surely, my Brethren, the thought may come—and it should come to repress the extravagance of mirth, to recommend that chastened joy, which all reflection upon human life even in its brightest aspects may suggest, that in the fulness of that joy, the tidings of grief are on their way: and were there no other reasons to restrain the excesses of pleasure, that mirth, 'whose end is heaviness,' it were enough methinks, to reflect, that at the very moment some cherished relative, a child for whom we would have died, a wife, a parent, or a brother is in the agony of disease, or descending to the grave.

Alas! how much is there in this ignorance of man to teach us wisdom. He, that shall consider how precarious are the objects of his fondest and fairest hopes; how little he knows even of that which is in his sight, and how much less of that beyond it; will understand and apply the exhortation of the apostle, the demand of the soundest philosophy not less than of humble faith, 'Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.' 'Rejoice as though you rejoiced not.'

Secondly, that we may dispose our hearts to the whole improvement of this calamity, let us withdraw a little (I say not from the pursuits of business, or the faithful, nay, if we can, the cheerful discharge of duty,) but from the gay scenes and amusements of the world.

It is not the will of God, that grief or anxiety should suspend the labors or dispense from the duties of life. This were not compatible with our condition here, or with the spirit of that religion, which sanctifies our virtuous industry, like his own inspired truth and makes it the blessed ministry of peace to the afflicted spirit. But surely the giddy sons and daughters of pleasure may pause for a little, while others are in anguish, and give an hour to reflection and sympathy. The smiles of innocent gaiety, and much more the voices of them that make merry are in sad discordance with the sighs and groans of the bereaved.

And yet what are we! and what painful exhibitions do we sometimes witness of the insensibility of man!

It is related by Thucydides in his account of the pestilence in Athens, and like narrations are given by more recent historians, of similar calamities, specially of the Plague in Marseilles,* that even at the period of their most afflicting desolation, the people rushed to the Theatres and to the various places of amusement, seemingly determined to drown in pleasure their dangers and their griefs.

Within a fortnight after that 'memorable Tempest,' which in 1703 desolated Great Britain and spread death and ruin so far and wide, that at least *Eight thousand lives* by sea or by land were numbered with the victims—among whom were multitudes of cherished and beloved and honored names—a desolation of life and of property so awful as to be made the subject even of a centennial commemoration,*—within a fortnight I say, after the calamity had past, the people were found rushing to the Theatres, and this Tempest itself, the occasion of unutterable, incalculable sorrow was made the subject of scenic representation.

What is this but strange insensibility to the awful Providence of God? It is an humbling manifestation of our nature, furnishing at once a problem to the curious philosopher, and mournful reflection to the lover of his kind, that seasons of general calamity are often the seasons too of peculiar dissipation. Whether it be from a principle of re-action, of which so much is spoken, seeking relief from oppressive sadness in scenes of gaiety, I stay not to examine. But nothing is more painful, and nothing more revolting than public festivity amidst public calamity. Common decency, common humanity would seem to require, that we should not pass through the houses of mourning on the way to the houses of feasting: that we should not be witnesses, and profess to be sharers of the griefs of others, and straightway go forth to the high places of pleasure, forgetting what these calamities are and the lessons they are sent to inculcate.

We learn in the calamity, we deplore, another and most instructive illustration of the truth, which all mankind with their lips profess, and all mankind in their lives deny—the utter worthlessness of wealth and treasure, when brought into comparison with human life. All that a man hath,' says the great Teacher, 'he will give for his life.' In comparison of health and friendship, and good name and safety, gold is but dross.

It has been said, that amidst the terrors of that night, so much to be remembered, the gold and the silver were cast away, that the little wooden boxes that contained them might serve in the place of better vessels, to extinguish the flames. If this incident be true, what an evidence does it yield of the comparative worthlessness in the hour of danger of the choicest earthly treasures. Could ten-thousand times and thousands of thousands more, yea, the treasures of princes, the mines of India have been collected, how gladly would they have been given for water to quench the flames, or for a feeble bark to bear them away, though amidst countless hazards—from the burning ruin.

To add one word to an incident like this, would only weaken its power. May God with his own spirit, engrave it upon the worldly soul: and teach effectually what it is so slow of heart to believe, that they, that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches can none of them redeem a brother, or give to God a ransom for him. And when he dies, he can carry nothing away. His glory shall not descend after him.

* See Thucydides Lib. 2. Sect. 53. See also Bertrand's Relation of the Plague at Marseilles as quoted by Rees, Article Plague: and in Miss Plumpton's Translation, chap. 19.

† See Sermon in Commemoration of the Great Storm of Wind, Nov. 1703, by Dr Sternett.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Will you be kind enough in accordance with the old maxim 'audi alleram partem' to republish the following passage from Mr Norton's Reply to Alumnus; it comprises all the real ground of difference, in a brief and conclusive manner.

I will just however cite a passage or two from Alumnus, to show how unimportant in his own opinion, is this discussion, which involves the opinions or character of Spinoza and others, and which he has now made almost the sole object. Page 22d of his letter to Mr Norton, he says, 'You have given yourself the advantage, such as it is, of making an indirect attack through the medium of *obsolete* opinions * * the advantage, you thus gain is momentary * * * if you meant to say that the opinions of Spinoza and Hume on the doctrine of Miracles were adopted by that part of your audience which differed from yourself, your discourse was unjust, if you did not mean to say this, it was nugatory. * * * You advanced an invidious charge while you were ignorant of the facts. If you persist in saying they are held, I call for the proof.' The opinion of Alumnus himself on the subject of miracles, is thus stated in the *Christian Examiner*, Vol. 21st, Page 251st.

'It is said again and again without so much as a whisper to indicate the mistake that the revelations of truth in the old dispensation and the new are established on the foundation of Miracles. Now we take leave to deny the fact altogether. We know what we are saying, and we assert that the design of the Miracles in the Old and New Testament, was not to confirm a revelation of spiritual truth, but to accomplish quite a different purpose (qu. what purpose?) * * * These Miracles we maintain are proved by the historical accounts which relate them not to have been intended for the demonstration of religious truth, but to authenticate the claims, or to accomplish the purposes of messengers of God in a capacity *other* than that of religious teachers,' (qu. what capacity?) And on Page 255, 'he (our Savior) exercised the divine power with which God had endowed him not in the way of demonstration but of philanthropy; he did not say, "Look at these Miracles and believe what I declare'"—a very singular assertion this when it is remembered that he did say, when he called upon his Father at the grave of Lazarus, the most striking and impressive of his Miracles, 'but because of the people, which stood by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.' John xi. 42.

'I have said in my Discourse, (as quoted by the writer of the pamphlet,) 'that the divine authority of him whom God commissioned to speak to us in his name was attested, in the only mode in which it could be, by miraculous displays of his power;' that Christianity offers, 'in attestation of the truth of the facts, which it reveals, the only satisfactory proof, the authority of God, evidenced by miraculous displays of his power;' and that 'no proof of the divine commission of Christ could be afforded but through miraculous displays of God's power.'

These propositions the writer of the pamphlet controverts in a long argument, and cites many authorities in opposition, as he represents, to what I maintained.* He particularly contends, that they imply a rejection of the internal and collateral evidences of Christianity, or, in other words, of all evidence, except the historical evidence. It is unnecessary to follow him in his argument; but the subject itself is important, and the truth respecting it may be made clear in a few words.

A Christian believes, that Jesus Christ claimed to be a messenger from God to men, commissioned to make known to them, by authority from God, facts of which men's reason had not given them, and apparently never could give them, assurance. His firm belief of those facts rests on his faith in Christ. But why does he believe Christ to have been commissioned by God to make them known? No one can be less entitled to credence than he who claims to be a special messenger from God without being able to authenticate his claims. He who affirms, that he is such a messenger, affirms that God has in him wrought a miracle; but this is a miracle of which no other human being can have cognizance, and which is not to be believed without the most decisive proof. What, then, is the proof required? Manifestly it is the attestation of God to the authority of him whom he has commissioned. A miracle of which we have no cognizance can be attested only by miracles of which we have cognizance. If the proposition be clearly stated and understood, that a miraculous revelation can be authenticated only by miracles, I am unable to perceive how it can reasonably be controverted. It is but stating, in other words, the proposition, that we can have no ground for believing in any thing miraculous, where nothing miraculous appears.

But what the proofs are, which we have at the present day, that a divine revelation, so authenticated, was made by Christ, is a very different question. There is an obvious and perfectly intelligible distinction between the evidence necessary to authenticate the fact of a divine revelation, and essentially implied in the existence of the fact, and the evidence which we may now have, that such a revelation, so stamped with the seal of God, has been actually made. Of the proofs existing at the present day the historical is first to be considered; for, if there were no historical proof, there could be no other. Even as regards the historical proof, however, many considerations concur to give it validity, which are not connected with common historical testimony. But, beside this, there is a vast amount of internal and collateral evidence. The whole history of Jesus bears an inefaceable character of reality. It is impossible that it should have been a human fiction. The religion in its revelations and moral teachings is throughout worthy of God. In proportion as we better understand the writings of its apostles and evangelists, new evidences of its truth are continually appearing. Its reception and diffusion can be explained only on the supposition, that it was authenticated by miracles as coming from God. It has shown itself to be from God by its influence on the hearts and lives of even its imperfect disciples, and on the whole condition of civilized man. This is a most brief and imperfect enumeration, but it is unnecessary to go on. A religious philosopher can hardly make himself acquainted with any fact illustrating the first history and promulgation of our religion, its essential character, the opinions and condition of men before and after its introduction, or the constitution of human nature itself, without perceiving evidence of its truth. This evidence breaks upon us from many different sources; and we may be satisfied very long before we have exhausted it. I know not that the mere intelligent reading of the Gospels, accompanied with a common knowledge of the facts concerning them, is not amply sufficient to produce a thorough conviction of the divine origin of our religion. But all the evidence of which I have spoken, so vast in amount and so various in its character, bears upon one point alone;—that a revelation from God to men, authenticated by miracles, was made through Jesus Christ.

I state these considerations on account of their intrinsic importance. It is not worth while particularly to point out their bearing upon the different erroneous representations given of my opinions by the writer of the pamphlet.

But I may here observe, that there is a mode of speaking of the internal evidence of Christianity, which, strange as it may appear, goes to destroy the worth of all evidences of Christianity, as a revelation from God.

It is said, that the truths of religion are directly perceived by the mind; that they neither require, nor admit of, any additional evidence; but that these truths are the truths of Christianity, and, therefore, that there is a direct perception of the truth of Christianity. These propositions embody opinions which are the basis of some modern systems of religion.†

I answer, that a truth is the expression of a fact. With this understanding, it is not necessary to dwell on the metaphysical absurdity of supposing the direct perception of facts existing neither in the sensible world, nor in our own minds; as the fact, for example, of man's immorality. This will be obvious to every one accustomed to think clearly. But, taking a more popular view, we may say, that the propositions laid down would seem to have been framed by one who knew nothing of men as they had been, or as they existed around him, and who was speculating on the imaginary inhabitants of some other planet. What correct and assured belief of the fundamental truths of religion existed among the great mass of mankind before Christianity? How much belief of those truths now exists, which is not to be traced to the influence of Christianity? In how large a number, in any Christian country, does it exist beyond the sphere of those who rest their faith on Christianity as a revelation from God?

But it is further to be observed, that this pretence of placing Christianity upon unassailable ground, upon what is called, falsely, its internal evidence,—this theory, that the facts which it reveals are directly perceived by the mind,—is utterly inconsistent with any belief in Christianity as a revelation from God. No rational man can suppose, that God has miraculously revealed facts, which the very constitution of our nature enables us directly to perceive.

I have said all that seems to me neccessary with regard to the reasoning of the pamphlet under notice.

* Among those authorities, he quotes (p. 73) one passage written by myself, to which he might have added many more. One other he gives, as supposing it written by me; but I was not the author of the Review of Verplanck's 'Evidences of Revealed Religion,' from which it is taken.

† Those, for example, of Fries and, as will hereafter appear, of his follower, De Wette.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

THE WIDOWS' SOCIETY.

We ask pardon of our fair and faithful correspondent for our apparent neglect. But the truth is we were righteous over much. We were so anxious not to forget the Report, that we placed it carefully in *select* circumstances—without the *ordinary* sphere of such matters. The consequence was very natural—it entirely escaped our notice, till too late for insertion in our last paper. We thank her for the flattering terms in which it was communicated, and assure her we would gladly do all we can to promote so good an object, and to convince her of the sense we have of the many favors she has conferred upon us. But our pen could never less claim the force and effect which she ascribes to its unworthy efforts. All the frost from the cold heavens has passed over it. It must have fallen from a *goose*, we should suppose, while making its way through the gloomiest and dullest clouds of November. Our ink was undoubtedly extracted from the north pole. It is as heavy as mercury and as frigid as the heart of a coquette. We are obliged to confess that we are not altogether above the elements of this wintry world and are not a little servile to the skyey influences. We therefore ask her to excuse us. She may be certain however, that at some more propitious time, she may confidently command our best services.

The purpose of this society is so excellent, it so touchingly and powerfully appeals to all the best feelings and deepest sympathies, that its wants, we are persuaded, need only be stated to be satisfied. A poor widow—surrounded by half fed and half clothed children, presents a spectacle that must move all who are susceptible of any kindly emotions. There can be few deeds, which the Father of mercies looks down on, with more complacency, than the relief of such sufferings. There are such spectacles in this benevolent and rich city. Shall they continue? A voice of anguish ascends to heaven from the abodes of misery. Will we not listen to it? If we will not, it will be heard again, as we stand before the judgment seat, and then will be pronounced the appalling sentence 'depart ye.' This society asks for aid to help, in this inclement season, these forlorn and destitute women. Shall they ask in vain? Shall female helplessness and wretchedness plead in vain? It cannot be. A generous community will hear and answer in a manner worthy its claims and character. Lyman is lamented by the society. Are there not those who will in some degree fill his place. He has carried nothing with him but his benevolent spirit—his wealth he has left behind. The means of doing good are not diminished. Let us hope the disposition is not wanting.

REPORT.

The Secretary of the Widows' Society respectfully presents the Report for the year 1839 to the Managers and Subscribers:

In our Annual Report, at the close of the year 1838, we presented to you a very favorable state of our Society. The liberality of Mr Lyman had enabled the Managers to increase the number of their beneficiaries at one time to more than a hundred: this gave a somewhat false view of our actual condition, and, in fact, it did not add to the permanent prosperity of our Society.

Mr Lyman added to his munificent donations the very reasonable request that they might be immediately applied to the necessities of the widows. His remaining days were few, and he wished to feel and to know that he had relieved the immediately pressing wants of the poor; and he made many hearts rejoice, and received the blessing of many widows' prayers. It has been a subject of much regret to the Managers, that they have been obliged to refuse assistance to many, who were certainly deserving objects, because, when Mr Lyman's death deprived them of his bounty, they were obliged to restrict their aid to their more limited means. In 1837 and '8, more than a hundred aged women and widows were assisted: our number is now reduced to seventy-five.

For the purpose of increasing our funds, a subscription paper was last winter presented to the benevolent, and we have gratefully received one hundred and eighty-nine dollars from sixty-seven new donors and subscribers.

It is frequently objected to societies for the relief of the poor, that they tend to foster habits of idleness and improvidence. But such an objection cannot apply with a shadow of reason to this Society. It is for the relief of a class of persons who have passed the age of industry. They are able to do little or nothing for their own support. In many cases, they have seen better days; but in nearly all they are thrown, in an advanced and helpless old age, upon the cold sympathy of distant relations, or the reluctant charity of strangers. They have outlived their natural protectors. One after the other, all their hopes and all their comforts have fallen from them. They have toiled day and night for their children; but the misfortunes or the misconduct of their children have prevented them from paying back the debt. What a tale of hidden grief, does the bent and trembling form of an aged, solitary woman tell! We can scarcely go back, in imagination, to the time when she was young, and bright, and full of hope; but now youth and hope are gone, and we only ask to cheer the little remnant of her days with aid and sympathy.

It is the great advantage of this Society, that the visiter is able to become intimately acquainted with the object of her charity. There is at first a degree of distrust between the destitute and the person who bestows charity. False or wounded pride on one side, and often the expectation of a too lively gratitude on the other, creates a degree of distrust unfavorable to the most entire good-will. But in this Society, the visiter, after frequent visits, becomes intimately acquainted with the beneficiaries. After frequent visits, and feeling assured of the interest of her visiter, the poor woman, who has suffered more perhaps from the want of sympathy than from extreme poverty, opens her heart to her visiter, and the counsel and sympathy she receives prizes more dearly, in many cases, than money itself. Often, the visiter becomes the friend most trusted and relied upon for every emergency. In moments of trial or sorrow, her counsel and sympathy are asked, and in the hour of death the parting soul relies upon her prayers. If it is the object of our religion, not to equalize the external condition of man, but to bring them nearer to each other in the divine feelings of compassion and mutual good-will, this charity is like mercy '*twice blessed*,—blessing her who gives, and her who takes.'

But it is objected, that the ladies are prone to have their feelings too deeply interested in individuals, and are thus often deceived. It is indeed difficult to unite the divine tenderness of the angel with the caution and wisdom of the serpent; but in the course of twenty-four years that this Society has existed, very few cases of deception have occurred, while some few of touching gratitude deserve to be known.

A poor widow had received a small sum every year from the Society. Her husband had been a soldier, and a pension became her due. It was very small; but she desired from the moment she received it to become a subscriber, and thus to pay back what she had received, for the benefit of some one as destitute as herself.

Another, which I venture, although without permission, to mention, is of a poor woman who had cherished, for many years, a small jet ring,—a relic of former happier days. It was all that was left to remind her that she had not always been alone, and the only way she could express her gratitude to her kind visiter was by requesting her to accept this ring. Such a spirit repays the managers for much toil. It is an answer to many objections, and should excite in our hearts perseverance and hope in our efforts for the good of others. I could gather from the records of the visiters many circumstances which would convince every subscriber that her subscription, however large, is well bestowed, and that the smallest sum is gratefully received and faithfully appropriated.

The permanent fund of the Society is now about six thousand dollars; the interest from which, added to less than four hundred dollars received from subscribers, is the amount of the available fund for the relief of eighty aged women.

Mr Lyman's noble generosity cheered the hearts of the Managers as well as the poor widows, for it made their duties light and pleasant; but we would not forget that a blessing was pronounced upon the two mites that were cast into the treasury.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipts of the following sums.

Prom Nashua Auxiliary Association,	33 00
From Barnstable Auxiliary Association,	20 00
From Auxiliary Association, in Rev. Mr Motte's Society, in Boston,	20 00
From a collection in Rev. Dr Kendall's Society, of Plymouth, from hand of Rev. C. Briggs,	30 00
From Plymouth Auxiliary Association,	12 00
From Auxiliary Association, in Rev. Mr Putnam's Society, Roxbury,	50 00
From Ladies Society, in Rev. Mr Newell's Parish, Cambridge,	42 75
From Brooklyn, (N. Y.,) Auxiliary Association,	34 31
From Northampton Auxiliary Association,	2 00
From Medway Auxiliary Association,	20 00
From Ladies in Rev. Dr Thayer's Society, in Lancaster, to constitute him a Life Member of the A. U. A.,	30 00
From Lancaster Auxiliary Association,	20 00
From Saco Auxiliary Association,	15 00
From Northfield Auxiliary Association,	10 00
From Brookfield Auxiliary Association,	16 00
From Cambridge Port Auxiliary Association, by N. P. Hunt,	38 07
From Federal Street Auxiliary Association, Boston, by Prince Hawes,	109 25
From Portland Auxiliary Association,	80 00
From Miss Dorothy Dix, to constitute her a Life Member, of the A. U. A.,	30 00
From Marblehead Auxiliary Association,	18 00
From Dublin, N. H., Auxiliary Association,	20 00
From a Lady in Weston, for one year's subscription to the Tracts,	1 00
From Rev. E. H. Edes, of Kennebunk,* Me. (The items of which were given in a former paper,)	181 00
From the two Unitarian Societies in Providence, in aid of the Fund of the General Agency. (Referred to in a former paper,)	150 00
From Purchase Street Auxiliary Association, Boston, by William Eayrs,	32 00
From Dedham Auxiliary Association, by Eliphalet Baker,	41 00
From Peterboro', N. H., Auxiliary Association, by Rev. Dr Abbott,	40 00
From Springfield Auxiliary Association,	50 00
From Barre Auxiliary Association,	27 00
From Billerica Auxiliary Association,	37 00

* Ivory Lord, Esq., is Agent of the Kennebunk Auxiliary Association, and not T. Lord, as published by mistake in a former paper.

To Friends of the Western Messenger.

We hope, that you are as much disappointed in not receiving our promised January number, as we are in not being able to send you a New Year's greeting. For we trust you agree with us in thinking, that our humble monthly has done something, both by precept and practice, to keep alive reverence, kindness, love of truth, and liberal feeling. We regret, therefore, that we are so long prevented from communicating with our readers; we are earnest to do far more, than we have yet done, in exhibiting *the ideal of Man*, and the *high standard of duty* set before us in the *life and words of our Master*. But we are still obliged to defer the publication of a new volume; for our old accounts are not yet settled, and although our debts are small our private means are smaller.

Our plan is to commence a new volume in the Spring, unless unforeseen circumstances occur to prevent. With the coming Seed Time, under our new title of *The Sower*, to cast abroad whatever germs of Truth, Goodness, Beauty, we can gather. As complaint has been made of the postage upon the Messenger, the Sower will be printed upon loose sheets, which can be

bound in volumes as before, the same size of the page being preserved. By reducing the number of pages to 48 we shall be able, we think, to reduce the price also to *two dollars* a year, which as there are two volumes in the year, will be *one dollar* a volume.

We call upon you therefore, as friends of Spiritual progress and human brotherhood, to be our fellow-workers.

1. *By payment of whatever you owe us* for back numbers; and this a *speedy payment*;—for our recommencing in the Spring will depend upon our being clear from debt. To enable our New England subscribers to do us justice, as we know is their desire, we give notice, that Mr Wm. Jennison is authorized to receive payments, give receipts, and take the names of subscribers; to whom, we will thank you to remit, in the most convenient and expeditious mode possible, the subscriptions due for the volumes of the past and preceding years. The price of each volume has heretofore been $1,50 or $3,00 a year; and while some are indebted for only one volume, that is for half a year, others owe for many vols. Some payments having already been made in advance, we would say, with our thanks, that the sums will be charged and repaid, if unexpectedly the work should be abandoned. Hereafter we must be strict in demanding payment in advance for each volume. In cases where subscribers are distant from any agent, they can remit to *us* by mail or otherwise, in drafts if possible, or in current notes. We ask for no payments in advance now, however, and shall not, until the first No. of the Sower is published, when we shall request each subscriber at once to pay the $1,00 due for the volume.

2. *By obtaining for us new subscribers*—If we did not believe that our monthly was fitted to communicate truth, we would not print and you would not read it. Extend then its circulation. We will send a copy of the Sower gratis to those who procure for us six responsible subscribers.

3. *By contributions.* Send us your best thoughts, brethren; be not unfriendly to us few laborers and hard worked; be not niggard of your treasured stores. We wish to give our readers, when we can, something better than our own reflections and experience; and variety of views, feelings and modes of expression is in itself a good. We have already garnered some choice seeds from the East. Give us more. Share with us the privilege of multiplying the principles which have borne fruit to you in heart and life, through this land of promise. There are, we assure you, many minds free to receive your richest ideas. Aid us to teach, that 'Religion is not a Theory but a Life;' that the condition of all well being and usefulness is self-reform and progress; in a word, that the Kingdom of Heaven must come, if it come at all, within the soul of every man. Aid us to quicken the spirit of adoption, by which we cry Abba Father. Aid us to unfold and apply the New commandment; Love one another. The field is ready; will you not go forth with the Sower?

With the hope, that nothing may prevent the speedy renewal of our monthly communing's, accept the good wishes of

THE EDITORS OF THE WESTERN MESSENGER.
Cincinnati, Jan. 6th, 1840.

N. B. We request our friends to bear in mind, that *subscriptions may be sent free of postage*, if the money is inclosed without any written communication and franked by a postmaster.

*** We are informed by the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, that, notwithstanding the prompt payment of many of the Auxiliaries, and the liberal aid afforded by individuals, the Association is in great want of funds. The Executive Committee, have recently made several appropriations in aid of feeble societies, and for the support of missionaries; and, if the state of the Treasury would admit of it, would gladly make many more, for they have on hand numerous and urgent applications.

It is, therefore, hoped that none of the Auxiliaries will delay their payments; and that individuals who feel an interest in the objects of the American Unitarian Association, will be disposed to aid them at this time.

DEDICATION.

The following is the order of services, at the Dedication of Suffolk Street Chapel, on Wednesday last.

Voluntary, on the Organ. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Samuel Barrett. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Paul Dean. Anthem. Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Alexander Young. Original Hymn. Sermon, by Rev. J. T. Sargent. Original Hymn. Address to the People, by Rev. S. K. Lothrop. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. R. C. Waterston. Anthem. Benediction.

The following original Hymns, written by Rev. J. T. Sargent, were sung on the occasion.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

O, Thou, who dwellest not
In temples made with hands,
Come now, and bless the spot
Whereon, completed, stands
This place of praise.
A house of prayer,
With pious care,
To *Thee* we raise.

To *Him* who came to save,
And hungry thousands fed;
Who stilled the raging wave,
And brake the living bread;—
To *Truth* and *Love*,
That hallowed pair,
Whose dwelling fair
Is found above;

To *Freedom* and the *Light*
Which guides us every hour;
To *Faith* transcending sight,—
The Holy Spirit's power,—
With grateful heart,
In thy great name,
Our altar flame
Is set apart.

Accept and bless the gift.
To Thee and thy dear Son
The offering now we lift,
And pray, 'thy will be done.'
On *thee* we wait,
While, at *his* call,
This temple's wall
We dedicate.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

Again, O God, we raise the song,
Imploring now thy grace to bless.
Here let our lips thy praise prolong,
While, here a Savior we confess;
O kindle now the sacred fire
Of holy faith and pure desire.

Here, like the ark which rode the wave
When rising floods o'erwhelm'd the world,
May this fane prove thy power to save,
While from its altar is unfurl'd
The banner of the 'Prince of peace,'
Till sin shall die and suffering cease.

Here may the olive branch go forth
O'er depths of woe, on wings of love,
From east to west, from south to north,
Borne by the spirit of a dove;
Till that meek angel rest her feet
On thy sure mount,—the mercy seat.

Here, like the rock which Moses smote
When thirsting tribes implored relief,
Be this a well spring to promote
The good of souls, and ease their grief,
While forth shall flow, o'er ills and strife,
The waters of eternal life.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. Curtis Cutler, late of Gardner, Mass., was installed as Colleague Pastor, with the Rev. Dr Abbot, of Peterborough, N. H., on Wednesday, January 29th.

The following was the order of services on the occasion:

Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Horatio Wood, of Tyngsboro'. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. A. A. Livermore, of Keene, N. H. Sermon, by Rev. Chandler Robbins, of Boston. Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston. Charge, by Rev. Mr Leonard, of Dublin, N. H. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Miles, of Lowell. Address to the People, by Rev. Mr Osgood, of Nashua. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr Bates, of Ashby.

The services were appropriate, solemn and interesting, and were listened to with deep attention by a crowded congregation.

In the evening, a religious meeting was held in the meeting house, and addresses were made by Rev. Mr Miles, Mr Prentiss, of Keene, Rev. Mr Pierpont, and R. W. Bayley, Esq., of Boston.

The day will long be remembered by all who participated in its excellent influences, and will exert a salutary effect upon the cause of religion in Peterborough, and its vicinity.

DOMESTIC.

Meeting at Faneuil Hall.—The meeing here referred to took place on the day on which we usually put our paper to press. We were consequently unable to give an earlier account of it. The citizens of this place, [says the Boston Courier,] assembled at Faneuil-Hall, in great numbers, yesterday at noon, in consequence of a call, to consider the circumstances connected with the destruction of the steamer Lexington. The meeting was called to order by William Lawrence Esq. The Mayor was called to the Chair, and addressed to the meeting a few appropriate remarks. George S. Hillard, Esq. addressed the meeting for about fifteen minutes, in a speech, which, for appropriate language and beautiful sentiment, for eloquence and pathos, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed in Faneuil Hall. At the close, Mr Hillard read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the recent destruction, by fire, of the steamboat Lexington, by which a large number of our fellow-citizens lost their lives, under circumstances too fearful for the imagination to dwell upon, is an event appealing most powerfully to the sensibilities of the community, and reminding us, in the most impressive manner, of the uncertain tenure upon which life and all its blessings are held; and that we deeply sympathize with the friends and relations of those who have met with a death so sudden and so awful.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the owners of the steamboat Lexington, and those who had the immediate charge and management of her, are highly censurable for their conduct in exposing the lives of passengers in a boat believed to be unsafe for winter navigation, and decidedly so when encumbered with a deck load of cotton, and such other goods as tend materially to increase the danger of fire, to which all steamboats are more or less exposed, and for their inexcusable negligence in not providing more efficient and available means for protecting passengers against so possible a contingency as that of fire, and of securing the safety of their lives in case of its unavoidable occurrence—and that the voice of an indignant and mourning community calls loudly upon them to give full and satisfactory answers to the weighty charges which public opinion has brought against them, if they would not be held morally responsible for a calamity, unparalleled in this portion of our country.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the practice of carrying cotton in passenger boats is highly dangerous to human life, and that boats which habitually carry cotton as part of their freight are unworthy of the patronage of the community.

Resolved, That this meeting views with strong disapprobation the practice of encumbering the decks of passenger boats, with bulky articles of freight of any description, to such an extent, as to interrupt the free use of the decks by the passengers.

Resolved, That the disasterous fate of so many steamboats in various parts of the United States, betrays a carelessness and indifference to human life, on the part of those who have the control and management of these vessels, against the consequences of which every man is interested to ensure a protection; and calls emphatically for the most decided action on the part of the national Legislature: and that this meeting respectfully recommend to the Legislature of Massachusetts to pass resolves, instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives, to bring the subject before Congress; and that a similar course be recommended to our fellow-citizens of other States.

The meeting was addressed by Messrs George Darracott, W. Sturgis, F. Dexter. T. B. Curtis, and A. Walker. The resolutions were unanimously adopted. A Committee, composed of George Bancroft, Samuel A. Eliot, George Darracott, Benjamin Rich, Thomas B. Curtis, Thomas Lamb, Ozias Goodwin, Caleb Eddy, William Appleton, Charles G. Greene, Thomas C. Amory, Robert G. Shaw, Charles G. Loring, and John Mille, was appointed, with full power to investigate the causes of steamboat disasters, and recommend the best means to avoid them. Another Committee of five was also appointed, to present the subject to the notice of the Legislature.

It was then

Voted, That Messrs George Morey, Edmund Dwight, Franklin Dexter, George Darracott, and William Lawrence, be a Committe to communicate the doings of this meeting to the Senators from Suffolk, and Representatives from Boston in the General Court.

The late Robert Lenox.—This gentleman who recently deceased in New York is said to have left a well invested fortune of $3,000,000. He left about $2,000,000 to his only son—the residue to his wife and seven daughters. He accumulated this large fortune himself, beginning with little or nothing.

Lotteries.—The Rhode Island Temperance Herald, referring to the Lottery system, which is still upheld in that State says; 'competent judges among our wisest and best men agree in pronouncing it the most fruitful source of private wretchedness, of intemperance and crime, that exists, scarcely exceping the retail traffic in ardent spirits.'

The Herald sets its face resolutely against the system. We hope it may prove one of the instruments of its speedy overthrow.

Since writing the above we notice that a memorial on the subject of lotteries by professor Goddard of Providence and signed by Hon. Nicholas Brown, Rev. Dr Wayland and others has been presented to the Legislature, and that the General Assembly, have passed a resolution, that, when the present grant shall have expired, the Legislature shall authorize no more Lotteries in Rhode Island.

Concord Railroad.—In June 1835 a charter of a railroad from Lowell to Concord was granted. Various circumstances have conspired to delay the execution of the plan. A movement has recently been made on the subject, and it is to be hoped that it will not again be allowed to slumber till effectual measures are adopted for its completion.

Bill of Mortality.—Mr Hewes, the Superintendant of Burial Grounds, has published his Annual Abstract of the Bill of Mortality kept at his office for the year last past. We learn from it that the whole number of deaths (including the still born) were 1863. In the month of January, 151; February, 159; March, 168; April, 145; May, 129; June, 126; July, 148; August, 177; September, 183; October, 186; November, 141; December, 159.

Of the diseases, 222 were consumption, 212 scarlet fever, lung fever 82, typhus fever 46, appoplexy 20, convulsions 37, croup 46, dropsy 87, dysentery 30, hooping cough 34, diseases of the heart 29, inflamation of the bowels 50—of the lungs 18, infantile diseases, 88, intemperance 30, delirium tremens 8, palsy 14, small pox 58, teething 29, stillborn 141, accidental 16, burns 11, childbed 17, drowned 30, insanity 3, lockjaw 1, fractured leg 1, old age 53, poison by paint 1, scalded 4, sudden 10, unknown diseases 129.—*Transcript.*

Abolition petitions in Congress.—The subject of abolition petitions has been put to rest in Congress for the present. An addition to the standing rules of the House was adopted on the 28th ult., in the following words.

Resolved.—That upon the presentation of any memorial or petition praying for the abolition of slavery or the slave trade in any District, Territory, or State of the Union, and upon the presentation of any resolution, or other paper touching that subject, the reception of such memorial, petition, resolution or paper, shall be laid on the table, without bebate or further action thereon.

That no petition, memorial, resolution, or other paper praying the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or any State or Territory, or the slave trade between the States or Territories of the United States in which it now exists, shall be received by this House, or entertained in any way whatever.

The first part was moved by Waddy Thompson, of S. Carolina; the second was W. C. Johnson's amendment, which was adopted by a vote of 115 to 105,—to the exclusion of a proposition previously submitted by J. Q. Adams, as a substitute for Mr Thompson's Resolution, in the following words.

Every petition presented by the Speaker, or by any member, with a brief verbal statement of its contents, shall be recieved, unless objection be made to its reception for special reason; and whenever objection shall be made to the reception of a petition, the name of the member objecting, and the reason of the objection, shall be entered upon the journal. The question in every such case shall be, *shall the petition be rejected*? and no petition shall be rejected but by a majority of the members present.

The resolution and amendments, as given above, were passed by a vote of 118 to 108.

Important Trial—Kidnapper Convicted.—The prosecution of Dickerson Shearer and Elias M. Turner, for kidnapping the boy Sydney O. Francis and transporting him to Virginia, with the intent to sell him as a slave, was tried before the Court of Common Pleas in this town last week. The trial commenced at the opening of the afternoon session of the Court on the 23d inst, and was committed to the jury at half past 6 o'clock on the evening of the 25th. The jury, after an absence of about an hour, returned with a verdict of Guilty, against both of the defendants. Exceptions were taken to the ruling of the Court on several points, by the defendant Turner, which exceptions will be carried before the Supreme Court, on an application for a new trial. In behalf of Shearer, no exception was taken, and he was brought into Court on the morning of 27th, and was sentenced to two days solitary imprisonment, and confinement to hard labor in the State's Prison, for the term of seven years.

This case was managed with great ability; on the part of the goverment by Pliny Merrick, the District Attorney, and on the part of the defendants, by Ira M Barton of this town, and Jonathan Chapman of Springfield, for Turner; and by Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, for Shearer.—*Worcester Spy.*

The Amistad.—We learn that an appeal has been entered by the Spanish minister, to the decision of Judge Judson on the case of the Amistad and the Africans; whereby the case is removed to the Circuit Court. His Excellency appeals against the refusal of the District Court to surrender the Africans, and against the award of salvage on the vessel.—*Hartford Eagle.*

Monument to Dr. Follen.—The friends of the late Rev. Charles Follen, we understand, propose to erect at Mount Auburn, a monument, commemorative of his services in the cause of religion, philanthropy, and letters. A subscription paper has been prepared by a public-spirited gentleman at Cambridge, and will be left at the bookstore of Messrs. Munroe & Co. in this city, where those who are disposed to unite in this tribute to the virtues of a lamented friend of humanity, may have an opportunity to indulge in so grateful though melancholy an emotion.

Boundary Question.—There seems of late to have been reports of a state of things less favorable to the amicable adjustment of the question. The New York American, alluding to the difficulties, that have stood in the way of this adjustment, says, 'It would revolt the moral sense, as well as distract the tranquillity of Christendom, that two nations, like the United States and Great Britain, should actually permit themselves to be betrayed into a quarrel upon a point so susceptible of amicable adjustment as this boundary question.'

The Lexington.—It is scarcely credible, yet we are informed on good authority, says the New York Courier & Inquirer, that the schooner James Lauphier, Captain Kenney, was within a few miles of the burning Lexington, knew her, made no attempt to rescue the passengers, and on his arrival in New London, did not report the calamity.

Latest from the Exploring Expedition.—Mr. B. C. Cutler, of Brooklyn, has received a letter from the Exploring Expedition, dated Matavai Bay, Island of Otaheite, Sept. 1st, 1839, and post-marked Woods Hole, Mass. 26th Jan. 1840. It is from Commander Hudson, of the U. S. ship Peacock. He speaks of Capt. Wilkes and the officers and crews being on shore. Nothing said of the missing vessel. The Expedition, at the date above mentioned, was on its way to the far south, being last from Callao and (we presume) the Sandwich Islands. From the tenor of the letter it is inferred that the health of the squadron was good.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The Lexington.—After nine days' hearing of the witnesses and examination of the facts relating to the loss of the Lexington, the coroner's inquest returned as their verdict;—that the fire was communicated to the promenade deck by the intense heat of the smoke pipe or by sparks from the space between the smoke pipe and steam chamber: that the Lexington was a first rate boat, with an excellent engine and boiler suitable for burning wood but not coal: that had the buckets been manned at the commencement of the fire it could have been easily extinguished: and that with presence of mind of the officers, and a strict discipline of the crew, the boats could have been launched and the passengers saved.

The jury also are of opinion that the Steamboat inspectors have permitted the Lexington to navigate the Sound at the eminent peril of the lives and property of passengers, giving a certificate of full compliance with the laws of the United States when such has not been the case: that the practice of using blowers on board of boats is dangerous; that the conduct of the officers of the Lexington, when the steamboat was on fire, in leaving her to her own guidance and seeking their own safety, regardless of the fate of the passengers, deserves the severest censure of the community: and further, that the practice of carrying cotton on board of passenger boats, in a manner in which it shall be liable to take fire, deserves the public censure.

A minority of the jury, consisting of the foreman and one of his associates dissented from the others in exonerating Capt. Manchester, the pilot, from all blame after the breaking out of the fire.

Another—Among the passengers in the Lexington, it is now ascertained that Mr John Ricker, of Monroe, Me., was one. Upwards of 150 are now known to have been on board, only *four* of whom were saved.

Huntington, L. I., Jan. 26.

To the President of the New Jersey Steam Navigation Company:

Dear Sir; It is with much satisfaciion that I find myself enabled to state that efficient measures have been taken to recover and preserve, as far as possible, the bodies of all persons and property cast at the mercy of the waves, by the fatal conflagration of the Lexington, that may drift upon our shore.

I have at your request employed a sufficient number of responsible men to effect the purpose above mentioned, viz. co-operation with Capt. John Woolsey, to guard the shore from Eaton's Neck to Old Field Point, requiring those employedt o continue to make diligent search from time to time, as by the state of the weather they may deem necessary.

P. S. I shall give you an information at the earliest opportunity. Your Ob't Serv't
DARLING B. WHITNEY,
Coroner of Suffolk Co.

Latest from Texas.—The advices from Galveston, received at New Orleans, are to the 14th inst.

Advices from Austin to the 1st, state that Col. Burleson had defeated the Indians at Pecau Bayou, with a loss of six killed and twenty-five prisoners. Captain Lynch fell in the combat. It was ascertained that Col. Ross had been killed in a street fight in Gonzales. The Mexicans have begun to trade freely with the Austinians. Their last caravan consisted of one hundred and seventy mules, and some hundred thousand dollars in specie.

Congress was to adjourn on the 17th, after passing a law to sectionize the Cherokee lands. In the Burleson fight, Egg, a noted chief, fell. The wife of Bowles was among the captured.

Some time since, a British vessel the Agnes, arrived at Galveston with emigrants. It appears that John Woodward, the Texian Consul at New York, had sold to a Mr Iken, an English capitalist, large quantities of Texian lands, to which he had not a shadow of title, and those emigrants who had come out had purchased their lands of Iken. Their disappointment may be easily imagined. A large meeting was held in Galveston, at which Gen. Hunt presided, to express their opinion of Woodward's conduct. They recommend his immediate discharge. It is said that Congress will grant these emigrants donations of land in addition to head rights.

The Sabine has overflowed its banks, so as to prevent the tracing of the boundary line. Large quantities of cotton are on its banks, waiting to get out.

Mr Yates, the bearer of the French treaty, has arrived at Austin.

From Liberia.—The Boston Transcript of the 28th gives extracts from Liberia papers, received by the packet Saluda at Norfolk. It appears that the Colony is more prosperous than at any former period. The people are well satisfied with the new Government. Among the laws recently enacted by the Legislature is one totally prohibiting the importation of ardent spirits. The most interesting news is that relating to the operations of slave traders on the Coast. They are said to be very bold, and quite as bad as ever; and we are told that the American flag is prostituted in the traffic. We are told that the Saluda carried out three missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, and Col. J. J. Roberts and lady. Besides these, there were forty emigrants—'a fine looking and industrious company.'

FOREIGN.

English papers have been received at New York, up to Dec, 26th.

The money market and the state of trade generally was much the same as at the date of previous advices.

The British Queen, in her last trip home was 22 days on her passage. She was not expected to sail again till the first of March.

The Liverpool steam-ship was to leave Liverpool for New-York on the 20th of January.

The French Chambers opened their sessions on the 23d December, and it appears that every thing is quiet in France.

From Spain, Turkey, Algiers and other places, there appears to be no news of importance.

Mr Cunard's steam-packets between Boston and Liverpool, would it is said, certainly be ready by the middle of May.

Later from China.—The ship Robert Fulton, Capt. Mac Michaels, which arrived at New York on Sunday last, from Canton, has brought news from that place, or rather from Hong Kong bay, to Sept. 25. This intelligence is of considerable interest.—The breach between the British agents and residents, instead of being healed, had been widened. All British subjects had left Macao and were residing on board the ships at Hong Kong bay, in consequence of the threat of the Chinese Commissioner to seize and punish those who should remain on shore. Attempts were made to prevent their obtaining supplies on board the shipping, and threats had been made of attacking them by means of fire rafts. Captain Elliot proposed, as soon as the northern winds should set in, to give notice to the authorities of his intention to withdraw from the waters of China, and would probably proceed to Manilla, whence the business might be carried on by means of neutral shipping. A slight skirmish in which some shots were exchanged, between Capt. Elliot in his cutter, and Capt. Smith of the Volage, in his boat with a merchant schooner and some Chinese war junks. On the 11th, Capt. Smith, at the requisition of the British Superintendent, issued a notice of his intention, in six days thereafter, to blockade the harbor of Canton. The causes assigned for this measure were the cutting off of the supplies of food, and the disappearance of a boat's crew of British seamen, supposed to have been cut off by the Chinese. A few days afterwards, the boat's crew returned in safety, and on the 16th the notification of blockade was revoked. The American residents protested against the blockade, and notified Capt. Smith that they should hold the British Government, as well as himself responsible for the consequences, to American property and lives. The New York Courier and Enquirer publishes the following report of Capt. Mac Michaels.

Captain Mac Michaels reports that the British, with their families had been obliged by the Chinese to leave Macao, and are now on board the English ships at Hong Kong, 35 miles eastward of Macao. Captain Elliot chief superintendent of the English trade had hoisted his flag on board the British Country ship Fort William. The British trade with China, is totally suspended, and no prospect of an adjustment of the difficulties, without aid from England. The opium trade, however, was carried on very briskly, and at high prices on the eastern coast of China under the British flag. This, alone, will prevent the possibility of a renewal of the English trade with Canton, and may eventually lead to a suspension of *all* foreign trade. There is much irritation, between the English and Chinese, the former having fired into several junks and having made an attack under the command of Captain Elliot, on the forts and junks at Kow Loore, a few miles to the eastward of Hong Kong; it was reported several Chinese had been killed, amongst which was a Mandarin of rank. Captain Elliot narrowly escaped, having received a ball through his hat. The Chinese claimed the victory. A very severe edict against the English had been issued by the High Commissioner, in consequence of the above attack, and the blockade by the British of the Port of Canton. The latter, however, has since been revoked. The American trade continued without molestation on the part of the Chinese. Several vessels under the American, Spanish and Danish flags were employed in carrying India Cotton and British Manufactures to Canton from Hong Kong, at high rates of freight. The British ship Mermaid, had been purchased at Hong Kong and was employed in the freighting business under the American flag between there and Canton.

An additional export duty on Teas and Silks was about being laid by the Chinese, to meet the extraordinary expenses occasioned by the unsettled state of affairs between them and the English. New forts have been built at the entrance of the river, and rafts and chains thrown across it. An arrival at St. Helena from Singapore, reports that several vessels, fully armed, were about sailing for the east coast of China, with a determination of carrying on the opium trade.

BOOKS FOR THE WEST.

Books for Parish and Sunday School Libraries at Hillsboro', Quincy, Chicago, Ill., Burlington, Iowa Territory, and other places in the West, may be left at the Office of the Gen. Secr'y of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street, and they will be immediately forwarded.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

All persons disposed to aid in the establishment of religious institutions in the West, and particularly in the erection of churches at Chicago, Quincy, and Hillsboro', Ill., are requested to leave funds with the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street; who is in correspondence with the societies in those places, and will forward to them whatever may be contributed.

As 500 dollars to each of those societies would enable them to build suitable houses of worship, and make them permanent societies, it is earnestly desired that individuals in Boston, and other parts of New England, will feel a deep sympathy for their less favored brethren of the West, (who are struggling hard to provide for themselves and their children the blessings of religion which are enjoyed here) and be ready to help them in this their time of need.

MARRIAGES.

In Dorchester, Feb. 2, Jonathan Brooks, Esq. to Miss Nancy Pierce, of D.

In Chelsea, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr Algier, Mr Abijah Hastings to Miss Ellen M. Waitt.

In Plymouth on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Briggs, Mr Samuel H. Davee, Printer, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Bates, all of Plymouth.

In Middleborough, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Putnam, Mr Croad Sturtevant, to Miss Lucinda Wood, both of M.

In Bridgewater, Mr Asa R. Howard, of Easton to Miss Henrietta Bassett, of Bridgewater.

In Taunton, 23th ult, by Rev. Mr Maltby, Charles J. H. Bassett, Esq. Cashier of Taunton Bank, to Miss Emeline D. daughter of John W. Seabury, Esq.—Mr Paran P. Smith, to Miss Mereda Field.

At South Reading, Jan 22 by Rev, R. Emerson, Mr Thomas Emerson to Eiss Emily M, Swain both of S. R.

In Nashua, Capt. Samuel Smith of Pepperell, Mass, to Miss Maria S. Smith, of Nashua; Mr Artemas Glover to Miss Emeline Morrill, of N.

At New-Bedford on the 21st ult, Mr Wm. H. Boon, to Miss Mary H. Freeman of New-Bedford.

In Chesterfield, Dec. 25th, Rev. Wm. F. Huntington, formerly of Hadley, but now of Illinois, to Miss Lucy Edwards, of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, 29th ult Mr Thomas Minot, 48.

In this city, 26th inst, Mr Simon Hastings, 68.

27th inst, Isabella Crosby, 2d daughter of Mr John F Low, 41.

In Charlestown, Feb. 1, Mrs Elizabeth H. wife of Mr Henry K. Frothingham, and daughter of Capt. Andrew Green, of Chelsea, 28.

In Barre, Jan 21, Nathaniel Loring, Esq. a member of the present House of Representatives of this State, 55.

In Marshfield, on Tuesday last, Mr Araunah Ford, aged 77 years.

In Taunton, Mr Barney Dean, aged 43.

In Medfield, Miss Elizabeth S. Tillinghast, daughter of the late Nicholas Tillinghast, Esq. of Taunton.

In Scituate, 21st ult. Mrs Lucy, wife of Dea. Elijah Barstow, aged 63.

In Cambridgeport, 24th, Wm. H. Eddy, son of Samuel Barrett, Esq. 6 months.

At Milton, yesterday morning, of dropsy, Mr Phineas Davenport, 67.

At Medfield, 14th ult, Miss Elizabeth S. Daughter of the late Nicholas Tillinghast Esq of Taunton.

At Mansfield, 20th ult, Mason Cobb Esq, 84. He has left six brothers, the youngest of whom is upwards of 70; three of them are pensioners, who served in the revolutionary war with himself.

In Lowell, Jan. 13th, of consumption, Mr Samuel Moore, formerly of Canterbury, 61.

In Somersworth, Jan. 24, very suddenly, Nathaniel Holmes, Esq. of Sanborton, 53.

In Nashua, Jan, 28th, Mrs Noyes, widow of the late Micajah Noyes, 33; Jan. 10, Miss Huldah S. Jones, 24.

In Fitchburgh, Mass. Mr Ezra W. Reed, formerly of Langdon, and late editor of Fitchburg Sentinel, 34.

In Deerfield very suddenly, Mrs Lydia Prescott, wife of Moses Prescott, 58.

In Portland Me. Jan. 24th Col. Nicholas Gilman, son of Hon. Nathaniel Gilman, of Exeter, 40.

At Peru, New-York, on the 14th of Dec. last, Martha Sherman, aged One Hundred and One Years, and 27 days.

At New-York on the 27th ult, Mr Issachar Cozzens a native of Newport R. I. a Revolutionary Patriot.

At Washington on Monday last, Commodore Isaac Chauncey, one of the senior Officers of the Navy, and President of the Navy Commissioners.

In Salem, on Sunday evening, very suddenly, of apoplexy, Mr Joseph Danforth, 57.

In Roxbury, on Sunday morning 2d inst, Charles, aged 14, son of Rev. Charles Briggs, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

In Portsmouth, N. H. 28th inst, Capt. Titus Salter, a patriot and soldier of the revolution.

In Augusta, Me. 15th inst, Amos G Goodwin, Esq. Counsellor at Law, of Saco, 42.

In Portland, 24th inst, Col. Nicholas Gilman, son of the Hon. Nathaniel G. of Exeter, N. H. 40

In New Orleans, 14th inst, Mr Nathaniel C. Livermore, 23.

On board of the ship United States, on the passage from Bath to New Orleans, 10th inst, off the Balize, G. Green, Esq. of Topsham, Me. His remains were taken to New Orleans.

Drowned, on the Coast of Sumatra, no date given, Capt. John Nichols, of ship Victoria of Salem.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

WESTS CHRIST REJECTED, THETIS BRINGING THE ARMOR TO ACHILLES. AND THE COMBAT BETWEEN DIOMED AND HECTOR PREVENTED BY THE LIGHTNING OF JUPITER.

The above three Pictures, painted by Benjamin West, Esq P. R. A. are now on view at Harding's Gallery, School street, from 10 in the morning till 8 in the evening, Admission 25 cents. Children half price. Lighted with gas at dusk every evening.

The two latter pictures have never been seen before in this country.

On Sundays the Exhibition will be open from 5 P. M. to 8 P. M. f8

REJECTED ADDRESSES, FROM THE 19th LONDON EDITION, with an original preface and notes by the authors, carefully revised. The great demand for a good American Edition of this popular book has induced the reprint which is now offered to the public. Among many notices of the republication we select the following.

'We are gratified to learn that W. D. Ticknor of this city, has just issued a neat reprint of this ingenious volume. It is perhaps the most successful attempt of poetical parody in the language. As the joint production of two brothers, Horace and James Smith, the work is a remarkable evidence of genius.—*Boston Courier.*

'Many who recollect this work from the time of its first appearance will be glad to see it again, and those who now read it for the first time will find in it a rich fund of humor.'—*Daily Advertiser.*

'Ticknor has done the world of readers a good service by republishing from the 19th London Edition (long out of print here) the celebrated and not soon to be forgotten 'Rejected Addresses,' or the New Theatrum Poetarium.' It is got up in good style, at a low price and will have a good run. It was much wanted.—*Evening Transcript.*

'This curious work which our readers will recollect was published a number of years ago in London has just been reprinted in this city. This book has gone through 19 Editions in London which is a sufficient evidence of its popularity.—*Mercantile Journal.*

'We have certainly, no fear for the typographical credit of Boston Books, when such works are issued from the press as Ticknors recent Edition of 'Rejected addresses' In selecting one of the raciest and wittiest books of the age, for republication, Ticknor has evinced as much judgment as the whole appearance of the work betrays good taste and the perfection of the art in printing.—*Daily Times.*

Published and for sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and school streets. feb 8.

THE STATE REGISTER;—Containing the New Tariff for 1830; The Insolvent Law; New List of Post Offices, State, City and United States Authorities; Judges; Counsellors; Attorneys; Sheriffs, and their Deputies; Masters in Chancery; Justices; Notaries; Coroners; Clergy; Physicians; Militia; Army and Navy; Banks and Insurance Companies; besides other useful matter; for sale by JAMES LORING, 132 Washington street. feb 8

LIFE OF CHEVERUS.—Boston edition.—The Life of Cardinal Cheverus, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and formerly Bishop of Boston. Translated from the French, by E. Stewart, with portrait. A few copies for sale at a reduced price, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. feb 8

PIERCE'S COURSE OF MATHEMATICS.—
Pierce's Algebra, to which are added experimental Equations and Logarithms
Pierce's Elementary Treatise on Plane and Solid Geometry
Pierce's Elementary Treatise on Plane Trigonometry, with its applications to Heights and Distances, Navigation and Surveying
Pierce's Elementary Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry
The above are used in Harvard and other Colleges throughout the United States. Published by
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THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN, or the Doctrines of the Trinity fully considered, and adjudged according to the Bible, by a Christian Layman. 12mo
This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
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MILLER OVERTHROWN, or the False Prophet confounded—by a Cosmopolite.
'Of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.'
Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. f8

PIERPONT'S POEMS, in Press.—JAMES MUNROE & CO. have in Press, and will shortly publish a collection of Poems by John Pierpont, in one vol, 12mo. f8

FOREIGN WORKS, for sale low.—Theatre de Voltaire, 12 vols—Hommes Illustres de Plutarque, 16 vols—Ariosto Orlando Furioso, 8 vols—Lettres a Emilie sur la Mythologie, 3 vols—Bachiller de la Salamanca, 2 vols; Delphine, par M. De Stael, 6 vols; Historia de la Florida, 4 vols; Morceaux Choisis de Buffon; La Bible de la Jeunesse, 4 vols; Boileau Oeuvres Despreaux, 3 vols 8vo; La France, Lady Morgan, 2 vols 8vo; De Stael, de la Literatum, 2 vols 8vo; do Influence des Passions 2 vols; Rousseau, 4 vols; Miss Edgeworth's Education Familiere, 6 vols; Orations Funebres de Flechier, &c—with a variety of other works in the French, Spanish and Italian languages; for sale low by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. f8

CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE &c. THE subscribers offer for sale at their Warehouse a general assortment of Church Lamps, consisting of Chandeliers of all sizes, Hanging Astral and Brackett Lamps for the Gallery, Wall or Organ and Pulpit Lamps, &c. Lamps of every description manufactured to order at short notice. Communion Services, of different sizes. Also, a complete assortment of House-furnishing articles—Lamps, Silver and Plated Wares, Clocks, Trays, Cutlery, &c, all of which will be sold on low terms.
HARRIS & STANWOOD,
n9 3m 29 Tremont Row, opp. Savings Bank.

REMARKS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF OBEDIENCE TO LAWS, and the duty of good citizens in relation to the sustaining of Law, by Norwood Damon. For sale by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
feb 8 112, Washington st.

FLAXMAN'S CLASSICAL COMPOSITIONS.—Flaxman's Compositions from Homer's Illiad and Odyssey; a series of seventy-five beautiful Outlines, engraved under Flaxman's inspection, by Piroli, Moses, and Blake; 2 vols oblong folio.

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Flaxman's Compositions from the Works of Hesiod; a series of thirty-seven beautiful Outlines, engraved under Flaxman's inspection, by Blake; oblong folio. For sale by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
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THE WRONGS OF THE ANIMAL WORLD, to which is subjoined the Speech of Lord Erskine, on the same subject. By David Mushet, Esq., 1 vol. Imported and for sale by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
feb 8 112, Washington st.

DR. CHANNING ON THE ELEVATION OF THE LABORING PORTION OF THE COMMUNITY.—In press and will shortly be published at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School Streets. Dr Channing's two Lectures lately delivered at the Masonic Temple, 'on the Elevation of the Laboring portion of the Community,' being a continuation of the subject of 'Self culture,' an address delivered as an Introductory to the Franklin Lectures last year.

NEW BOOKS.—For sale at BENJ. H. GREENE'S 124 Washington Street.
The School Girl.
Miller on the Second Coming of Christ.
Miller Overthrown.
The Boy's Country Book.
The Boy's Talisman.
American Juvenile Biography, containing, 1st. The Life of Columbus. 2nd. The Lives of Cortez and Pizzaro. This series is to be continued.
Furness' Prayers.
The Christian Layman.
Bakewell's Geology, new edition, also a few copies left of The Offering of Sympathy. A very appropriate Book to put into the hands of mourners at this season.
f8

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.
No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.
No. 133. The Future Life, by William E.

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

'WHERE IS HEAVEN?'

Thou seek'st a land where the holy dwell,
Where no sin and sorrow come,
Where blight o'er the spirit's bloom ne'er fell,
Where the houseless find a home:—
Is thy soul a shrine for holy thought,
And unsullied purity?
Is every wish with submission fraught?
The land thou seek'st, *is with thee.*

Thou sigh'st for the loved ones past away,
For t e gifted, young and fair:
On the cold, dark earth, thou wouldst not stay,
Thy treasures no more are there:—
Thou art with them, at the midnight hour,
Or e'en mid the glare of noon,
When thy spirit owns the spirit's power,
And thy thoughts with God commune.

Thou wouldst flee away and be at rest,
From all earthly toil and care:
Wouldst make thy bed on a Parent's breast,
And breathe out thy anguish there:—
He is with thee! rest thy weary head!
Repose in a Father's arms!
The light of His love, o'er thee He 'll shed,
While he soothes thy vain alarms.

Thou wouldst dwell for ever by His side;
In His love-light ever be;
Nor doubt, that whate'er of wo betide,
Thine is blest serenity.
Then upward! still on in duty's way!
To her high behest be true!
And whate'er thy lot, the Heavenly ray
Beams *evermore* on thy view. A. S.

Cambridgeport.

[From the London Forget-me-not, for 1840.]

THE BENEFACTRESS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who asks if I remember thee? or speak thy treasured name?
Doth the frail rush forget the stream, from which its greenness came;
Doth the wild lonely flower that sprang in some rude, rocky dell,
Forget the first awakening smile that on its bosom fell?

Did Israel's exiled sons, when far from Zion's hill away,
Forget the high and holy house where first they learned to pray?
Forget, around their temple's wreck, to roam in mute despair,
And o'er its hallowed ashes pour a grief that none might share?

Remember thee! remember thee! though many a year hath fled,
Since o'er thy pillow, cold and low, the uprooted turf was spread,
Yet still doth twilight's musing hour thy graceful form restore,
And morning breathe thy music tone, like Memnon's harp of yore.

The simple cap that decked thy brow, is still to Memory dear,
Her faithful echoes keep thy song, that lulled my infant ear;
The book, from which my lisping tongue was by thy kindness taught,
Returns, with all its lettered lines illumed with hues of thought.

The flowers, the dear familiar flowers, that in thy garden grew,
From which thy mantel vase was filled, methinks they breathe anew;
Again the whispering lily bends, and ope yon lips of rose,
As if some message of thy love, they waited to disclose!

'T is true that more than fourscore years had bowed thy beauty low,
And mingled with thy cup of life full many a cup of woe;
But yet thou hadst a higher charm than youthful bloom hath found,
And balm, within thy chastened heart, to heal another's wound.

Remember thee! Remember thee! though with the blest on high,
Thou hast a mansion of delight, unseen by mortal eye,
Comes not thy wing to visit me in the deep watch of night,
When visions of untutered things do make my sleep so bright?

I feel thy love within my breast, it nerves me strong and high,
As cheers the wanderer on the deep the pole-star in the sky;
And when my weary spirit quails, or friendship's smile is cold,
I feel thine arm around me thrown, as oft it was of old.

Remember thee! remember thee! while flows this purple tide,
I 'll keep thy precepts in my heart, thy pattern for my guide;
And when life's little journey ends, and light forsakes the eye,
Come near me, at my bed of pain, and teach me how to die.

Hartford, Conn.

SUNSET.

'Here let us lie, upon this primrose bank,
And give our thoughts free way. Our thoughts are fair;
For Heaven is fair, and earth all round is fair;
And we reflect both in our souls to-day.
Art thou not joyous? Does the sunshine fall
Upon a barren heart? Methinks it is
Itself the sweet source of fertility!
In all its golden warmth it wraps us round;
Not us a o e, b t every beast and bird
That makes the breathing forest musical:
Nor these alone; but every sparkling stream,
And every hill, and every pastoral plain:
The leaves that whisper in delightful talk,
The truant air, with its own self at play—
The clouds that swim in azure—loving Heaven
And loving Earth—and lingering between each,
Loth to quit either; are not all alive,
With one pure, unalloyed, consummate joy?
Let us rejoice, then, beyond all the rest;
For how sh ll wisdom show itself so well,
As in administering joy unto itself?
They who disdain the merry, are not wise;
And they who step aside when mirth comes by,
And scorn all things which are not bought with pain,
Are—fools, good cousin. What else can they be,
Who spurn God's free-given blessings? I am one
Who prize the matron Summer most in smiles,
And give my heart up to her rose-crowned hours,
And so art thou—or so thou wilt be, child,
When the orb of Time, now in its dawn,
Hath ripened the young brain with liberal thought.
Keep this in mind; and now we too will watch
The Day go downward toward the glowing west;
And when the gold grows pale, and evening airs
Come murmuring o'er the meadows, we will drink
The balmy ether—the nectarian breath
Which Earth sends upward, when her Lord, the Sun,
Kisses her cheek at parting.' WORDSWORTH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the London Metropolitan Magazine for December.]

DOUBT AND REALITY;

OR A SPANISH LADY'S WOOING.

The Duchess of Almeda, who was a creole of the Havana, was married at a very early age to the duke of that name and title. This union was in opposition to the taste of the youthful and imaginative Rita, who had a great predilection for a religious life; but, as her family insisted on her compliance with their wishes, she submitted in silence; and, until the period of her arrival in France, no other feelings than those that were prompted by the sincerest piety had occupied her bosom.

The Duke of Almeda was an old gentleman of an infinity of wit; but, as was at that time the case with numbers of his rank, he had been seduced by the false splendor with which the sc ool of the encyclopædists was surrounded; and, deceived by the principles of universal philanthropy which that mischievous sect announced, he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the propagation of its doctrines. Participating in that strange but honorable enthusiasm by which the heads of half the French nobility of that epoch were distracted in the shadowy regions of an illusive Utopia, he hurried on as far as lay in his power, the progressive developement of those ideas and that system of philosophy which subsequently became so fatal to the aristocracy, the throne, and the altar.

The bitter railleries with which he overwhelmed his wife on the subject of what he termed her superstition, had no influence upon her mind so long as they continued in Spain. The spiritual and secular authority of the church and the clergy was so imposing, and the belief of the people so deeply and firmly rooted, she breathed such an atmosphese of piety, was surrounded by persons who so fervently partook of the sincerity of her convictions, and encountered, wherever she turned, the exterior symbols of her magnificent faith, that it was not possible the purity and integrity of Rita's faith could suffer any attaint or diminution. But when she arrived at Versailles, and had lived for some time in the centre of the *fetes*, elegancies, and enjoyments of a polished court, famous for the refinements of its wit and the exquisite tone of its manners, she became, in some degree, involved in the vortex of its dissipations; and in the giddy round of its pleasures, the robustness of her religious convictions was imperceptibly impaired. In addition to this, the religion of France was not at all like the prevalence of the same system in Spain; there were no longer in the former those lofty churches, so glowing and profound, with their glittering shrines of gold and jewelry which seemed to attract around them all the light of the building, and shone in the surrounding obscurity like an emanation of the glory of heaven; the solemn and majestic chant of the monks was no longer heard in France; and its population, which had an horror of the black or sad-colored vestments of Spain, was no longer seen prostrate upon the cold pavement of the aisles in silence and in gloom, and counting the beads of rosaries with enthusiastic devotion, and all the unction of religious fervor.

In France, the spirit of religion had been lost sight of, and its genius was perverted; its ministers and teachers endeavored to dazzle the eyes by the splendor of the rituals instead of the simplicity of the doctrine; the churches were elaborately adorned with gaudy trappings but they had almost all lost, either by neglect or decay, those beautifully painted windows through which the beams of the sun penetrated like the mild and softened hues of a rainbow; the mass was only frequented to see and be seen; the sun threw its laughing beams through large and lofty windows, deluging the interior of the churches with a flood of light, and, dancing upon the profuse decorations of velvet, gold, and silk, flung their painted reflections upon a noisy, gay, and smiling congregation, who eclipsed in their dresses the splendor of the altars. Philosophy had banished religion from the pulpit; the sacred mysteries were solemnized amid sneers and ill-suppressed sarcasms; and to crown the whole, the psalms and anthems were sung by the girls of the opera.

It must be admitted that Rita's principles were acquired rather than instinctive, the result of chance and accident rather than conviction and reason. She was endowed with a quick, fertile, and ardent imagination, which had been inflamed by the pompous exterior of Catholicism, and touched by its grave and majestic ceremonies; but she had never yet suffered, or had occasion to require the consolations of religion, and had never listened to the solemn and whispered echoes of that vast abyss in which the profound soul of Pascal had been plunged. She had experienced nothing of religion but its poetry; of the unfathomable ocean of faith she perceived nothing but the fresh and sparkling wave which gambolled on its expanse; and her soul was enraptured, while her senses were intoxicated by the inspiring perfumes of the incense, and the distant, solemn, and murmured melody of the deep toned organ. And so, when the philosophers composing the society of her husband, had laid siege to her spiritualized faith with their cold logic and dry algebraical reasoning, Rita was incapable of reply or argument. They spoke by rule, and supported their cavils with mathematical figures and with mathematical precision, while she could only talk enthusiasm and ecstacy; when she quoted the miracles and wonders by which Christianity had been illustrated and its authenticity established, they opposed her fervor with the unchangeable laws of nature and the theorems of astronomy: on whichever side she turned, she encountered nothing but cold and heartless reasoning and withering sarcasm; so that, frightened and distressed, she was reduced to silence; for the apparent clearness of certain objections, although they could not entirely persuade her of the hollowness of the system to which she had clung, had the effect of shaking her conviction and alarming her by its possible and probable impositions. Then, becoming conscious, as if by instinct, of all the happiness and comfort she was in danger of losing, she wished to take refuge in her former confident and undoubting belief; but the time had passed never to be recalled; the cruel spirit of analysis had stained with his withering breath her ravishing visions of azure skies and smiling heavens peopled by angels with rainbow wings, breathing music and sympathy which found an echo in her softened heart; all had disappeared like the visions of first and only love.

This may be easily conceived; for a person of a strong and powerful mind, or of a proved, strengthened, and confirmed religious faith, can contend advantageously, and even impress his antagonists with his own hallowed and earnest devotion, elevating them within his own sphere of belief by the spell of seducing and persuasive eloquence; but Rita was quite powerless with the adversaries she encountered, because there was no depth in her fervid mind, which was carried along by impulse, as she had attached herself to the poetry of religion quite as much as to its doctrines and maxims. At last her mind became tired out, more particularly as she appeared always to be in the wrong in every argument, her self-love, too, was irritated by her confused but earnest convictions opposed by capricious and subtle reasoning; and she ended by doubting of everything, and of herself. From doubt to incredulity there is but one step; this step was taken, and Rita became a professed wit and freethinker.

Incredulity must necessarily make a deep impression upon an organization so susceptible as that of Rita. In fact, on the first glance, there is a fatal attraction, a sort of fascination, in the contest against the Deity; there is a species of wild and fierce poetry in the revolt of the rebel angel; and there is audacity in blasphemy, when Jupiter retorts with a thunderbolt. But in analyizing the atheism of the eighteenth century, which so clamorously pronounced its pitiful pretensions, we are struck by its meanness and cowardly character; for those who professed it believed in a state of utter annihilation after death, and had nothing to fear from the laxly-administered laws during their lives. They could, therefore, blaspheme wfth perfect safety, and had not even the equivocal merit of being martyrs to irreligion and impiety. As the Divinity did not accept the challenge which was tacitly offered by Rita, her state of hesitation and doubt did not continue long; indifference took its place; and at length it happened that the Duchess of Almeda looked upon heaven with no emotions either of fear or love. If we dwell at more than usual length upon this incident of Rita's existence, it is because from this period her life assumed a different aspect, and took another coloring; for her ardent and passionate imagination, which had hitherto fed upon the aliment afforded by the thoughts of infinity and eternity, which open an immeasurable career for vivid minds to expatiate in, had quickly exhausted what it received in exchange for the belief which had been destroyed, and was compelled to fall back upon its own natural resources, or to waste away and consume by its own fire.

Hitherto Rita had escaped the influence of earthly passions; but now, if her burning soul wished to indulge in emotions of joy or anguish they could only be found or felt in love. For love is a religion, and has its faith and creed, and in Rita's case it was more particularly so; and if she had given herself up to the emotion, she would have loved with an utter and absolute surrendering of self—with a fierce and implacable jealousy which would have devoted to love what she would otherwise have sacrificed to heaven—her rank, fortune, and country. But at that time they did not love after such a fashion in France; and so it happened that Rita found no one worthy to excite such a feeling in her heart; and she remained unscathed in the general dissoluteness of manners and principles, an exemplary model of every female excellence until the sudden death of the Duke d'Almeda left her at liberty, a young widow, with an immense fortune. Although she could not regret the duke very much, she paid the customary respect to his memory, and passed the period allotted to mourning in the country. Since her residence in France, Rita had never been so isolated from society and in such utter solitude as now; and this was the first time that she regretted her former happy state of undoubting and intense faith; but that was gone, and its departed influence was irrecoverable; and the duchess, wearied and chagrined, dragged on the dull and melancholy hours, her ardent soul longing for some emotion to occupy her feelings, suffering from an unknown pain, and sighing for a wonted happiness. Her health became affected, she grew thin, and her cheeks were stained and wrinkled by the channels of involuntary tears; without aid, consolation or refuge against these painful sorrows, and the nervous excitement which preyed upon and fevered her, the thought of an early death was the only pleasing idea that visited her solitude, and she sometimes even thought of accelerating its approach; but whether her courage failed, or a secret presentiment withheld her, she continued to linger in this uncomfortable state until the whole current of her existence was altered by a new influence.

A female attendant came to her one day with the information that some fishermen, who had taken shelter from a storm in a ruined tower on the coast, had discovered a young man, of singular beauty, who was nearly expiring from exhaustion; and that, knowing the humanity of the duchess, they had come to the castle for assistance in reviving him. This account made an impression upon her romantic mind, and on the same day she bent her steps to the tower of Koatven, accompanied by a domestic. Then, for the first time, she saw Henri. Interested by the mild and saddened expression of the youth's beautiful and noble features, Rita explained to him, with some emotion, the object of her visit; and that, having understood that her care and attention would be serviceable to him, she had come in person to tender them.

Henri warmly and gratefully thanked her, but added that there was no occasion he should become a burden to her. His history was a simple one, he was an orphan, and had been brought up by his uncle, an aged ecclesiastic, and had never quitted him until his death. Left alone in the world, without fortune, friends, or interest, Henri had determined to follow a vocation to which he thought himself called, that of the cloister. Nevertheless, before coming to an irrevocable decision upon this matter, and in order to ascertain whether he could fitly support the solitude, fasting, austerities, and privation of the monastic life, he had resolved to make the tower his place of retirement for some little time. But his strength had failed him—he had fallen sick—the old domestic who attended him had abandoned him when he could no longer pay for his services, and, had it not been the unexpeeted visit of the fishermen, he must have perished unknown. He concluded his narrative by saying: 'It is of little matter now, for I feel that my life is departing; and soon, poor orphan as I am, I shall go to rejoin in heaven my mother, whom I never knew on earth.'

The melancholy resignation, abandonment, and misfortune by which the lad was oppressed, and his ingenuous countenance, touched the heart of the duchess, and she instantly felt a deep pity for, and a strong interest in, one so unfortunate. From this period a new existence commenced for Rita; and, by a strange contradiction, the haughty lady who had resisted and repulsed the homage of the noble and the elevated, felt an unknown sensation inspiring her at the sight of this being, so unhappy and so destitute. Hitherto, the most elegant trifling, the most graceful impertinence of the flatterers of the gay world, had never arrested the passing glance of Rita; but the sad and pale face of Henri remained engraven on her heart; those features, which she had never beheld but ouce, seemed to haunt her wherever she went; and that soft and timorous voice was constantly thrilling in her soul.

Rita was so happy in this newly-discovered sensation, that she did not dream of resisting its progress. She was freed from all ties and connexions, immensely rich, and her own mistress;—what obstacle, then, was there to prevent her devoting herself to Henri? And on his side, alone, isolated, with no parents, family, or friends, would he not be hers, and hers only?—would he not be absolutely and entirely dependent upon her?—would he not hold everything of her;—and then, would she not be the only creature that loved him?—for so she understood love. Rita would have been jealous of Henri's mother or sister, if he had owned such relations; for love in her bosom was egotism in its purest sense, fierce, exacting and exclusive. The more she knew Henri, the more she loved him. She spent whole hours in listening to the outpouring of his artless and candid soul, and delighted in the consciousness that she was feeling the same emotions she excited in her *protege;* for she was as great a novice as the youth in the symbols and symptoms of the delicious passion; so that an exchange was established between them of the ravishing details of each new discovery they made of the influence of the passionate tenderness in their own hearts, by which they divined what was passing in the other's.

And then the boy was so timid—so bashful! and as he never exacted the soft tribute of the lip, it would have been ungenerous not to make a free and unreserved surrender of its treasures. Thus, at length, a deep, burning and concentrated passion took possession of the heart and soul of the duchess. At her age the developement of such a feeling is impetuous and uncontrollable, and every consideration was postponed to the happiness of calling him her own. Her determination to effect this was invincible and unshaken; and regardless of her rank and fortune, forgetful of or despising her social position, she decided upon offering her hand to Henri, who in one of their conversations, had avowed himself the offspring of a noble though impoverished, family of Bretagne.

'Of what consequence is his fortune to me?' said Rita; 'is he not noble? Moreover, as I am the only child of a grandee of Castile, can I not endow him with the name and title of my sire? I will do so; for he shall hold everything that he has from me—everything even his name—that name which he will worthily bear and gallantly illustrate. For my Henri's beautiful, brave, and accomplished. I never yet saw a gentleman that could be compared to him. And then he loves me so! O he loves me to adoration—I feel it here—in my heart! I love him too well for it to be otherwise; and has he not sacrificed to me all that he could possibly surrender in this world?—the faith which he had sworn?—the pure and calm future of which he dreamed? And who knows,' said Rita, with alarm, 'who can tell that he has not sacrificed his happiness to me.'

The three days during which she had required Henri to reflect upon her proposition, found her, if that were possible, still more determined and resolute in her will. On the evening of the third day she took her cloak, and leaving the castle by her oratory, which communicated with the chapel by a narrow passage, she leaned upon the arm of one of her esquires, and walked to the sea side. When she reached a large rock, she ordered the attendant to wait her return; and entered the tower. Henri was at the gate, standing on a sort of terrace, which served as a foundation for the staircase; but he was dressed in such a manner that Rita did not at first recognise him, and she stood surprised and motionless. He was almost entirely enveloped in a monk's habit, and his cowl, drawn over his head, nearly concealed his features.

'Rita, Rita, it is I,' exclaimed he, in gentle tones. He had scarcely pronounced the first syllable of her name ere the duchess, recognizing her lover, had flung herself into his arms.

'But, Henri, why assume this melancholy costume?'

'Was it not that I was doomed to wear before I knew you, my Rita? I wished to clothe myself in it for a first, a last, and an only time, in order to make for you a more total, and unreserved sacrifice. Are you offended with me?'

'No, no!—but come,' said Rita, running up the staircase.

Henri gently held her back. 'Listen,' he whispered, while he pressed her lips to his own. 'I have a fancy to be alone in my apartment above to receive you, and to do the honors of my hermitage fully. I wish once more to long for your coming, to hear the welcome sound of your footsteps, and the rustling of your dress. Will you permit me?

'Yes, yes; but let me tell you,' interrupted Rita, with joyous precipitation, so eager was she to confide her cherished and darling project to her lover—'let me tell you, Henri, I am come to offer you my hand—my hand—with an immense fortune and a title—such a glittering, dazzing title as German electors might envy!—it is all for you, and—myself with it! —and O, how gladly do I surrender it all to one, who———'

'Angelic creature!' said Henri, kissing her bright and marble brow, 'you shall tell me all above.' And so saying he disappeared in the dark recesses of the tower. A minute afterwards Rita stood at the door of his room, which no darkness could prevent her finding. She flung it open, and uttered a scream of astonishment, and almost of terror.

Her surprise was very natural, for no one could have recognised the obscure and wretched chamber of the tower of Keatven. Its damp walls, blackened by time, were covered with magnificent draperies of purple velvet whose ample folds seemed to diminish the proportions of the apartment at least one half. There was besides, a profusion of golden candle-sticks; of gilded furniture, of Venetian mirrors reflecting lights of a hundred wax tapers, which made the circular room like a concentration of lights and splendor. And the timid and melancholy Henri was metamorphosed into a graceful, accomplished, and confident gentleman, who glided over the rich carpets, and offered his hand to the duchess to conduct her to an arm-chair, near a table richly prepared with an equipage of the costliest china, enamelled with vermilion-colored figures of flowers. The drinking goblets were of crystal, so thin and pellucid that the junction of the lips was almost felt through them. It was Henri himself; only, instead of his monastic habit, which he had assumed to conceal his dress, he was attired in a coat of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and in a waiscoat of cloth of silver. It was Henri, glittering in the rays of the rose diamonds which flushed through the elaborate lace-work of his ruffle, which blazed upon his garters, on the buckles of his red-heeled shoes, and on the hilt of his sword. It was Henri, who wore with perfect ease, and as if he had been accustomed to it, the custume of a nobleman, adorned with the orders of Malta and St. Louis, and over which waved gracefully, with every motion, the large, shoulder-knots of white satin studded with silver, the distinctive emblem that the wearer was ranked in the military household of the royal Bourbons of France.

But the countenance of Henri bore no longer that soft expression of sadness and suffering which such a touching charm for Rita's heart. His features were now smiling and animated, his glances, which the duchess had never yet encountered in their full force, and which had been always hitherto downcast and veiled by his long eyelashes, were now replete with gaiety and exultation; and the cloud of white and perfumed powder which was thickly sprinkled over his wavering tresses, doubtless the expressive power of his black and deeply piercing eyes.

'Am I asleep or awake,' said the duchess,' trembling, and overcome by a feeling of apprehension and grief, which she could not conceal.

'Madame the duchess shall have every thing explained to her,' was the respectful response of Henri, assuming the exquisite politeness of the day, which only allowed a lady to be addressed in the third person.

Rita threw herself into a chair, exclaiming, 'Explain yourself in the name of heaven sir, explain the meaning of all this?'

'In the first place rejoined he, 'will madame the duchess allow me to inquire whether she has ever heard speak of the Comte de Vaudrez?'

'Frequently, sir, when I was in the habit of going to Versailles.'

Then Madame the duchess will learn, perhaps, with some astonishment, that it is the Comte de Vaudrez who has now the honor of addressing her.'

'You, sir, you! Henri but then—good heaven!—But the Comte de Vaudrez, I was told, was in the navy, and served in America—is it possible? For pity's sake, Henri, solve me this mystery!'

'It is very true, madame, that I did serve in America, under the orders of Admiral de Cuiche; but after two years' cruising, I returned to France—where I have been now for nearly two months.' * * * * * Happy in her husband, her station, and in the numerous blessings which flow from the proper and judicious administration of a large fortune, the Duchess Rita recovered that peace of mind which arises from a conscientious discharge of the duties of life, and in which the days pass undisturbed, and the nights are tranquil and refreshing. With these returned the original pious dispositions of her soul, which had been surpressed rather than extinguished, and which would never have been disturbed, but for the artful insinuations and dextrous sophistry of the leaders of that wretched philosophy, by the principles of which the peace of Europe was wrecked for so long a period. To a susceptible, and an ardent temperament, a correct understanding of religious matters is more especially necessary—and in this the duchess cordially concurred, when she reflected upon the danger to which her youth would have been exposed, had the Comte de Vaudrez been other than a gentleman and a man of honor.

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epistf sep 14

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